

# TOC H JOURNAL

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# TOC H JOURNAL

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## OPEN IT

*This is the substance of Tubby's talk at the Pancake Party on Shrove Tuesday in London.*

THE first thing I want to say is *Please*. It is the word a child learns first of all; and my second childhood must begin with it. I want you, please, to realise the reason why I am not able to come round as often as I did and see you all. You are too many for one man to see, especially if he is 51 and detests making speeches. The moment that I stir off Tower Hill, I miss someone.

My strength is to sit still; but sitting still does not mean idleness or drifting apart. It is your turn, at any time you wish, to come and see me, bringing your whole unit, who can most gladly come and use 42, and see and use All Hallows when they wish. It is your Church, whoever you may be, because you are a member of Toc H; and 42 aspires to be your city house, and 42 has now another house alongside, which in a few years time will be our own. My job can't be Toc H in London and the Provinces. My job, when in England, is on Tower Hill; together with the Overseas and Services and Leprosy. Your job is surely now to come to see me; arranging when you will come, and what you would like, upon the thorough understanding that we are waiting there on Tower Hill to make you feel that you are welcome, every one. So please do come; just write and say when.

The second thing a child must learn to say is "Thank you very much." And I thank you first for your prayers when I was away and ill; and secondly for helping the Lepers, to whom Toc H is making a big difference; and thirdly, I want to thank the staff to-night, and to confirm your confidence in them.

And now I am going to preach a little sermon.

Many years back there was a Pancake Party, held in these Baths, which some of you remember. And there was a sermon at the Pancake Party, preached by Bishop Neville Talbot, upon the text of "Shut the door"; and some of us can hear him, even now. My text to-night is rather "Open it." "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." Our Lord, in summing up all human sorrows, put first the misery of being lonely. He said that it was worse than being naked, or hungry, or sick, or in prison. It headed the whole list, this loneliness.

### The Call of the Lonely

Now there is a huge difference between being lonely and being alone. Being alone is sometimes very strengthening; for human beings never quite fit in. Heaps of mistakes, lots of misunderstandings, occur between the very finest characters. I know extremely little about physics; but actually I am told that it is true that atoms never really touch each other; there always is a space of some description. And this is true of human beings, so that as Edgar Allan Poe remarks: "When two men talk there are in point of fact six persons present: only two are real. First, there are you and me. Next there is the man I think you are, and the man you think I am. Then there is the man I think you think I am, and the man you think I think you are." So that between the two there is much confusion caused by the four who have no real existence.

Let me again assert that being alone can be extremely good for human character; and you are wise if your Lent Rule is just to get away and be alone, and think and read and pray: you can't do better.

But being lonely is a grim affair; a kind of toothache, highly unheroic, horribly dull and mostly undeserved. "Ships that pass in the night and bespeak one another in passing only a whispered word; and each goes hull down on its own trail, and darkness swallows it up." And please remember (I have said *please* again) that London is to thousands and thousands the loneliest place they have ever been in.

Two answers were overheard, in the Navy, to the question, "What is Toc H?"

"They do things."

"No, they don't. It is nothing but a religious society."

I want you to do something about strangers. This year there will be visitors, of course; and visitors in overwhelming numbers; but visitors are strangers who don't mind. The people I am thinking of are different. They are nomad men; and lads in lodgings; the pawns who are pushed on the square called London, and soon expect to get another move. Civilisation consists of two classes of mankind: the Jacob class, who always settle down; the Esau class, who move about a lot. I want each Branch and Group to concentrate on getting hold of Esau in '37. It was for Esau that we built the Marks; which are too full to-day to take more in. Although I realise we have no money, I am deadly keen on Marks in big cities; but they can't all come as yet. Meanwhile, I think that many of you folk can do a lot to get to know the men who are in lodgings in your neighbourhood, and to invite them round, or go and fetch them, "Compel them to come in," those are the great king's orders in the parable.

Now why should you compel them to come in? Because the house cannot be full without them. That does not mean that you are now deficient in numbers; numbers are not important. But it does mean that you are representative only of Jacob,

if you have not got Esau; and Jacob by himself cannot man Toc H. If you ask Neville Talbot, he will remember how much we talked in Poperinghe in old days about the danger of the House becoming a Jacob house almost exclusively. I think the danger has come back again, and I, who have spent my life pursuing Esau, appeal to you to join in the pursuit. Jacob is smooth, unutterably smooth. He is not a bad chap, by any means; in point of fact he is competent and earnest, able to organise and keen on rules. He simply loves to move a sub-amendment!

But Esau is a clumsy proposition. He is hairy, rough; a stubborn sort of fellow, who has moved about a lot, and still keeps moving. Yet he is man, or a large part of man; and Jacob must not keep him at arm's length. Open the door and let Esau enter; for Talbot House was built by homeless men to be the house reminding them of home; and it must not desert its first vocation. The reason why we need Esau in is not because we want to do him good. If that occurs, it will not be our doing; he is no worse than we are, anyhow; moreover, he brings peculiar power. To organise the Esaus of the earth into a body and a brotherhood is something which is worth accomplishing; and I still hold that this thing can be done. I still believe Toc H can be the instrument of bringing about this harnessing of power, which hitherto has been unorganised, being beyond the limited horizon of the parish and the parish pump.

I called yesterday upon the Principal of a great London college, one part of which deals with the Merchant Navy. He said: "There is an official chaplain to this place, the Rector of the parish that it is in. But Toc H and its chaplains round the world are what these men will need. They are here about six weeks, and then will be at sea for twenty years till they retire."

Toc H must take them over. It is not just a question of the sailor, every profession has its mobile men, its Esaus wandering and its Jacobs sitting.

### The Spring of Righteousness

Now for our hopes: we hear enough of fears. On Saturday last, when I was burying a man who loved and served the Christ in Flanders, round his grave another English Spring was whispered to be coming. It gathers strength behind the clouds; the days are lengthening and the sun is winning. It does not seem like that; but we trust the calendar. Can't we trust that the truer Spring is coming? Must we believe, when Malaga runs red with blood of refugees and fugitives, that there is still no force which makes for good? I tell you that the Sun of Righteousness can rise with healing in his wings again. But while I love the Church and serve the Church—at least, I try to serve the church of God—

I do not think that the Church as it now stands can bring about the righteousness we need. The greenhouse can anticipate the Spring, but the wild flowers are its true sign and token. And Christianity is the supreme religion, because it is the only one there is which has a body of secret adherents. There are no secret Mohammedans; no hidden Hindus: no one loves Mohammed secretly, Mohammed was not one who claimed men's love. In the Near East and all across through India muezzins climb their towers at times of prayer and call upon the people, often vainly, "Allah is great, and Mohammed the prophet of Allah." But John exclaimed: "Behold the Lamb of God," and Nicodemus came to Him by night. Let us see where He dwells and ask Him in. Christ exclaimed to all the Jacob tribe "I stand without. Open to me, I knock. I knock with patience, your door is shut. I am a stranger, won't you let me in?" T.

## THE FRIENDLY TO THE LONELY

THE article in last month's JOURNAL on "Work Among Boys" calls to mind the want of another section of the community. That is the friendless young worker. There are in all big towns numbers of these friendless young workers and in many places of moderate size the proportion is far larger than many of us suppose. These lonely ones may have come from orphanages or from far-away distressed areas in order to work in shops, factories, or, as is now often the case, in clubs, hotels or private houses. There could be a wider realisation as to how much such a particular kind of job can cut off the young workers from making easy contact during their leisure time with people outside their work. They have no one to whose home they can go freely, even for a few minutes when off-duty or on half-days. They need comfort, rest, recreation, friendship, and, at times, advice.

One must, of course, gratefully remember that there are clubs which have on their premises a well managed Staff Club, and that arrangements are made by some committees for the younger members of the staff to enable them to join up with football and cricket teams; but there are many lads who work in small hotels and private houses who have not these advantages. Even those that are so lucky often want a touch of the home life which can be found among married men and their wives and children, in, shall we say, a complete home. Life can be very drab if there is no happy place to drop in at where one can get relief from work and away from fellow-workers, who may happen to be uncongenial or even at times unfair, but with whom one has to live most of the day and with whom one may have to share a room at night. And there is no need to enlarge upon the dangers which are open to a youth who

is thrown on his own resources for recreation.

A few years ago, Tubby suggested that Toc H might be able to make more widespread and definite plans of work for the welfare of night-workers and domestic workers far from home. But how can one tackle the problem? In large towns and in smaller places where there are many hotels and boarding houses the opening of clubs in the afternoons may be very useful. We do not want to separate lads in domestic work from others, but they are, most days of the week, busy in the evening and free only from 2.30 for perhaps a couple of hours in the afternoon, at which time, of course, boys' clubs are usually shut. A Toc H unit might, however, charge some of its middle-aged or more leisurely members to find out what could be done to augment the staff of existing clubs which only open in the evenings, in order to persuade them to throw their doors open for two hours to the boys from hotels and clubs. Toc H men who are free and who have the needed gifts and training might offer themselves to help at such times. One Toc H unit in London, a few years ago, during several months made enquiries which ended in some good friends of ours starting a special afternoon club in districts which were not served by the admirable club kept in the Crypt of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. No doubt members in other cities and towns could quote similar examples.

But there are other ways of approaching the problem. Far more valuable than club rooms would be the extension of the help to happiness, which is given by throwing open our homes to these lads. A team is useful on this job so that we in Toc H may exchange news about fresh lads that come into our neighbourhood and may discuss and agree as to how many of them each one of us could invite out, apart from encouraging the use of our homes as friends. Here is an example: In one town in Kent two Toc H men belonging to different units found that they were both asking orphan boys out at the request of the managers of branches of two famous Orphan Societies; now they are planning their efforts together. They were asked if

they could not help in this special way by asking not more than four boys out to tea at a time, so that the lads might get to know their host and hostesses well and make friends against the time when they must leave the orphanages to go out into the world of work. Such an approach as this to the problem is personal but immensely valuable. No pen is needed to trace the human effect it can have upon both the friend and the boy.

So much for an outline of the opportunities of the job; but there are one or two important points which should be watched. It is very easy to tackle a job of this kind in a clumsy and therefore a wrong way; it needs forethought when planning it and tact in the execution of it. One must not assume, for instance, that those who employ these boys have no regard for their welfare at all; they probably do as much as they can, while some do a great deal. Also one cannot march in and ask, without some recommendation, to befriend a youngster who is a stranger. That is where a team-planned job is better than an individual effort at the start.

Then one has to take care that if this welfare work is once begun, that one keeps full of enthusiasm for it. One cannot begin to befriend a lad and then drop him. One soon finds out that if one's home is congenial to the stranger; and if there is to be any dropping, let it come from the other side. Jobs of this kind need patience and pertinacity. Lastly, one would say to the man taking on such a job: "Find out what days or what times of the day your little circle can come in, and then be there when you have asked its members to come or said that they might drop in when they liked. Answer letters (most important), if they should leave the place and want to correspond, and realise that this job is an expression of Toc H service for the married man, in which the wife can not only share but has often to be the most valuable partner in the game. That means that on her usually falls most of the preparation and trouble of getting ready for guests and that it must be fifty-fifty with her in deciding whether to make this your job."

A. S. HICHENS.

## THE COLONY OF COURAGE

*The Anglo-Indian community, which numbers about 140,000, is a mixture of two races and is not fully accepted by either. Mr. ARNOLD PAYNTER, founder and superintendent of the Houses in India and Ceylon, described here, gives a vivid picture of work among them.*

AT a Committee Meeting held in London, Alec Paterson named a young Anglo-Indian Settlement in Champawat on the Himalayas of the United Provinces in North India, THE COLONY OF COURAGE. The meeting consisted among others of two ex-Governors of the United Province, Lord Meston and Lord Hailey and the Reverend Alec Fraser of Achimota. They were met together to consider ways and means of assisting the young colony, the success of which is so big with possibilities for the whole Anglo-Indian Community.

\* \* \*

And if ever the Anglo-Indian Community were in need of the practical compassion of the people of this country, it is now; for though these people are the descendants of those who made the Indian Empire and built up the Administration, have always been loyal to the King and supported the Government in every political or military crisis, observers of insight cannot fail to see that they have the sentence of death on them. Their peculiar position made their divorce from Indian life inevitable. Rapid political and educational changes have left them stranded. Their training and tradition have made them unable to work with their hands. Leaderless, listless, divided, unemployed, they cannot adapt themselves to changing economic and political conditions or adjust their loyalties with sufficient rapidity. They cannot stand without a Government prop. This prop is being taken away. The community is sinking faster than some people think. In the larger towns of India,

relentless political and economic forces, the accident of their colour and the desires of men are depressing the poorer of the Anglo-Indians into a nameless caste, and poverty is rapidly approaching the whole community.

\* \* \*

Lord Hailey, who had seen the colonists and knew Champawat and who had considerable knowledge of the problem and experience of attempts to solve it, warmly commended the Institution as one being run on the right lines, practically self supporting and therefore an effort that deserved encouragement from those who knew how difficult it had hitherto been to find an effective way of dealing with the Anglo-Indian Problem. It was decided to launch an appeal for £5,000. Lord Meston kindly consented to be Hon. Treasurer.

\* \* \*

It should be clearly understood that this article does not present a picture of the whole Anglo-Indian Problem but just one aspect of it, telling as it does of children specially handicapped. But it is an important aspect, for it gives an indication of the direction in which the poorer unemployed of the community are sinking, and as showing perhaps the way along which many of the community may rise to self respect and self support.

And now for the story.

\* \* \*

A circle of grey-green hills, and in the valley bright green terraces. Here and there the darker green of the jak trees and snuggling in them white houses. The white dome of the Buddhist Temple shines



against the hills. A narrow winding path through bushes flaming with Lantana connects the village with the road. In the village are to be seen Eurasian men and women standing about working in the fields—the illegitimate children of white fathers. Some of them might be mistaken for Europeans with grey eyes and fair hair. They dress in the village costume. To the beat of the Tom Tom and chanting they carry their flower offerings to the temple. The children are singularly attractive, but their charm and their colour make them a prey at an early age to men of all communities. At eleven or twelve their little bodies are sold, for in this village every house is a brothel and every woman lives a life of shame.

\* \* \*

A larger verandah in one of the houses served as a cow shed. The cows went out and the children came in and a school was started. They learned English, Sinhalese and singing. The singing was indescribable. But the village environment was poisonous and it was clear that the children should leave it. It seemed impossible. There was the natural conservatism of the villager to contend with and it meant interfering with the economic life of a few villages in the district. There were two years of struggling and inconceivable difficulty—and then—perhaps it was a mixture of luck and prayer—and a party of little ones was given to us, gathered and taken to a Home School in Nuwara Eliya. It was a great day for them. Those who were left behind sobbed; they had cause for weeping better than they knew. A few years later they became procurers and prostitutes. But those who escaped founded—a few years later—THE COLONY OF COURAGE.

\* \* \*

In Nuwara Eliya they were trained as pioneers. On the slopes of Mount Pedro

they cut down the jungle and levelled their playground. The girls did cooking, gardening and sewing. The boys built their own school, blasting the rock and squaring the granite. This was an exploit, for it meant not only building a house, which was difficult enough, but cutting across a tradition, 200 years old and deeply embedded, that manual work was *infra dig.* for Anglo-Indians. The young people, now almost a hundred strong, blossomed out in their new environment. They developed literary, artistic and musical ability. Some are word-perfect in *Twelfth Night*. The girls painted the frescoes on the walls of their School House. Recently the Children's Homes Choir sang Bach's *St. Matthew Passion*. But more important for their future is that some of them are giving evidence of the growth of a sturdy Christian character—character which will fit them for life which for them will be a very real battle.

\* \* \*

For young people of mixed European and Asiatic parentage, especially those who bear the stigma of illegitimacy, are unduly handicapped. It would be difficult to find children who deserve greater compassion and receive more scorn. Guilty of no responsibility for their existence, homeless, unattached, born to suffer injustice—they afford a proof if other proof were lacking, that the "sins of the fathers are visited upon the children" and their little shoulders must carry a weight too heavy for them, a condemnation to which perhaps our contribution has been added by the thoughtless way we have labelled them. The fathers of these children as a rule cannot be traced, but the children can be relieved of much of this vicarious suffering if others share the burden with them. The children are served by a staff; some Anglo-Indians, some high-caste Sinhalese



and Indian Christians and three Toc H Englishmen. They are very much in need of help and they need—so much—the co-operation of the people of this country as they build the young people a home.

There is a growing body of opinion that it is undesirable to send Eurasian girls out to earn their living to a world where they are singled out for special temptations. Also that in view of rapidly changing conditions the training of the boys must be radically altered if they are to survive. They must learn to work with their hands—a lesson very hard to learn in India.

The sense of being “speckled birds, with the birds of the field against them.” The knowledge that jobs previously open to the community were not now available, and most of all, the feeling of not having a home like other people all called for a new venture of faith.

\* \* \*

“Why not” they said, “build a colony in the Himalayas, where the climate is suitable for manual work, where we will be remote from the memory of things that should be forgotten and the girls far from danger.” When the boys had nearly finished their second building, the idea caught on. A prayer of Charles, an elder boy, is memorable. He said:

“Heavenly Father we thank Thee for helping us to build our house so well, and when we have finished it help us to build our own beautiful city so that we may live in it with Thee.” Some people think that that prayer will be answered.

\* \* \*

One great day a party of eight (three boys, three girls and two members of the staff) set out for the great adventure. A six day journey by train to the foot of the Himalayas. They travelled third class and the train fare for the whole party was £30. How hard it had been to scrape up the

money! Then the march into the jungle (and what a tramp it was!) through the long grass of the malaria and tiger-infested Terrai, fording the rivers, the clear light blue streams gliding over pebbles of red and white and grey—the flashing Maseer! Tier after tier of hills, some barren rock, some rich with jungle, the trees heavy with fern and orchid. The giant pine trees with their gnarled branches, the eagles wheeling overhead that looked as if they were made of gold. The black deodar, the green oak, the rhododendron trees overburdened with their weight of red blossoms, and then behind them the shining eternal snows.

\* \* \*

They found perched upon the hills between five and six thousand feet above sea level, the little valley of Champawat encircled by its grassy and wooded hills. Here on their ten acres and in this setting they ploughed the land and planted wheat, potatoes and brussels sprouts. They felled and sawed their timber in the jungles, built their own two storied house and some oak and daub hutments. The girls worked in the vegetable gardens and regaled the labourers with “chappaties” and “ghee” and “dhall” and occasionally a wild goat shot by Percy, the “shikari” of the party. They increased in stature. More colonists came and now there are close on thirty. They proved that Anglo-Indians could thrive on purely Indian food and could make themselves self-supporting on the land.

\* \* \*

Small scale intensive farming should be a success. There are five seasons, spring, summer, autumn, winter and Monsoon, and they bring a variety of fruits and cereals and vegetables. Rice and wheat, saffron and brussels sprouts, sugar cane and apples. The fruit comes in waves in the

fruit season; apricots, pears, peaches and apples. With energy and patience, a little luck and cottage industries carefully selected, the staff are assured that the land will support a fair-sized colony.

\* \* \*

More land was now a necessity. On the summit of Hingla Debi mountain in jungle of oak and rhododendron, a site was found. Under the trees the young colonists prayed that this piece of land, 35 acres in extent, might be given them. It was then decided that a march to Naini Tal, the Government summer headquarters, should be undertaken. There were three objectives: (1) An interview with His Excellency, then Sir Malcolm Hailey, about the land; (2) To get our eldest pioneers, Charles and Lorna, married; (3) To see the Cinema. It was the last that evoked the most enthusiasm. It was an experience that will never be forgotten. The night marches through tiger jungle and sleep in the day time under the pine trees. The storm at Mournola. The sight of a cart road again and a 'bus. Then beautiful Naini Tal like the inside of a china cup traced with hills and deodars, and in the centre, the blue green lake fringed with willows. The grand dinner and the half-day at Government House. The kindness and condescension of their Excellencies. How Lorna went to her wedding

in Lady Hailey's dandy carried by liveried bearers in khaki and gold and red; then the gift by the Governor of the 35 acres of land. The seventy miles back to Champawat in three-and-a-half days—the colonists' hearts burning—and the staffs, with a resolution never to let their Excellencies down and a rededication of their energies to build a home among the snow hills there for homeless and destitute Anglo-Indian children.

\* \* \*

But 35 acres is not enough for a colony and there are obvious administrative reasons why the Government cannot at the moment make a larger grant of land. Those who love the Anglo-Indians dare not think what will happen to them in two or three decades. Many see in the success of the COLONY OF COURAGE a way of hope for thousands of them. The Committee feel that £5,000 will set the colony on its feet (£2,000 to buy 1,000 acres of land, £2,000 for equipment and £1,000 a year for running expenses of Homes and Colony). It costs £15 to support one child for a year. £1,200 has already come in. It would be a pity if so small a sum as the balance should come between the success of so hopeful an enterprise and one so big with possibilities for the whole Anglo-Indian community.

ARNOLD PAYNTER.



## TOC H AND THE MERCHANT NAVY

I WAS glad to see Howard Dunnett's letter in the March JOURNAL because in the Overseas Office efforts are being made to get Toc H to take note of its Overseas members. Our sea-faring members, other than those in the Royal Navy who recently achieved their own status in Toc H by the development of the new-formed Services Office, come neither under the heading of Toc H at home nor 'Overseas.' On my return after six weeks with the Oil Tankers I found the Intercession book of All Hallows had noted this difference by my name appearing in neither of the above categories, but with the Intercessions for the sick where the words 'at sea' were variously interpreted as designatory and explanatory.

While thinking of units at home and overseas we have not remembered members 'at sea.' Like most of the nation we know little about the Merchant Navy though we claim to be a seafaring race. We vaguely hear of shipping subsidies from time to time, and take an interest in some luxury liner as she is fitted out, or attempts some new record. But luxury liners are few and do not properly represent the sea; they are not the vessels which carry your frozen meat, or your iron, your cotton, wood, sugar; neither does a subsidy present us with a picture of our debt to the seafarer. Should a war occur everyman within a few days would be brought to realise the importance of this service and perhaps begin to guess at the responsibility with which its men, even in peace time, are faced.

His Majesty's Stationery Office published last year a map showing the distribution of British Ships across the seas in their approximate positions on March 7th, 1936. Any Unit which cares to spend Five shillings on this can have a fascinating re-

minder of a great industry and the 103,000 men engaged in foreign trade.

### Isolation

On the particular day which the map illustrates 1,462 vessels are at sea while 852 are in ports loading or discharging cargo. Day and night therefore there are more than fourteen hundred men keeping watch upon the bridge. To each man, however good the Line in which he serves and the men with whom he sails, Dr. Johnson's maxim that 'Being at sea is like being in prison with the chance of being drowned' represents a good deal of truth though the doctor's further comment that 'A man in a jail has more room, better food and commonly better company' breaks down at any rate on the last of the three assertions, though held by a surprising number of longshore folk.

Members of seaport units of Toc H know the work put in by the Mission to Seamen and its kindred Societies with which many members lend a hand, but nothing can completely overcome the isolation of life at sea, not even getting ashore in every port, a thing rarely achieved by anyone. If in the old days passages were longer so also was the time in port when you reached it; for modern inventions have made it possible to get your ship to sea in a few days with a cargo which once would have taken weeks to load. Most men spend actually at sea from six to eleven months each year, their time in port depending upon the type of cargo they carry.

Every vessel at sea becomes an isolated township cut off from all communication with the outer world except by wireless, the occasional flag-wagging by day or the Morse lamp when ships that pass in the night bespeak themselves in passing.

These fourteen hundred townships are scattered over a hundred and forty million square miles of sea. Being cooped up with a few men only further emphasises your separation from your fellows in the world. There is no returning home at night, leaving your office and its personnel behind. Your office is your home, and your watch below is shared with those with whom you work. The art of give and take must become a fine art indeed to make a happy ship.

The true sea-lawyer is not a very frequent member of a ship's company, but to have a grouse is a sailor's privilege. To be unable to move from your surroundings does not help to ease a grievance and there is no place like a ship for brooding over any injustice you may feel. Many a rub therefore becomes a blister just because there is no way in which to ease it.

In a movement such as ours every effort should be made to see that our fellowship is not one merely of sight and hand especially towards those who are out of touch with the normal organisation of shore life. This is particularly true of the Merchant Navy which consists of some hundreds of separate Companies without any central organisation to support a corporate conscience. Technically even the officers of a ship sign off at the end of a voyage and are then re-engaged, or are free to find a job elsewhere.

There are about 103,000 British whose job it is to bring the Merchant Ships from port to port, each playing his part in the life of his ship in various ways; some 3,000 are Masters, about 8,000 are deck Officers and 13,000 Engineer Officers; 4,000 are Apprentices, whose job it is, they will tell you, to clean brass. Ten thousand are A.B.s, not to mention ordinary seamen, deck boys, etc., while the engine-room side adds about the same number not counting trimmers, donkeymen and others. There

are 20,000 stewards alone without pursers, doctors, musicians, butchers, cooks who, with others, are grouped under the Stewards' Department.

### Making Contact

In all this number of men there are Toc H members hidden, for, though some may be in touch with their home units, there is no record of whom they are and consequently nothing can be done to keep in touch with them. There is also a good deal of misunderstanding about Toc H. Recently I met a man who had been a Toc H Builder for a long time believing that as a seafarer it was impossible for him to be a member. Another fellow, who I discovered doing his dhobie on our third day out, took his eyes off a bucket of soapsuds and seeing my Toc H tie told me he had been a member till he came to sea when he had supposed he had to give it up. Actually he had been a probationer, but his unit had let him go without a Journeyman's Passport or a Ports List to keep him in touch with units at places where his ship called. To begin with, then, we must make sure that men are given these things and put in touch with the Merchant Navy branch of the Overseas Office, also that units who know of seafaring members send in their names together with their home address, the name of their ships, and what their job is.

For those who would know something of the Merchant Navy, Taffrail's *Mid-Atlantic* is a novel which gives a fine picture of one side of the life.

There stands upon Tower Hill a memorial to 'Twelve thousand of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets who have no grave but the sea.' These men Toc H might well sometimes remember as being of the Elder Brethren and link up with those of their profession who in these days also seek to serve. HARRY CHAPPELL.



*Photo: Harry Chappell.*

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

*I got me flowers to strew Thy way;  
I got me boughs off many a tree;  
But Thou wast up by break of day,  
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.*

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)



The late MAURICE OXENBOULD and his wife "putting to sea" at the Children's Beach, Tower of London, on their honeymoon: Tubby says "God-speed." "Oxo," a former Warden of Mark I, died on February 12 (see p. 152).

# THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING SEA-MINDED

*We print this article with acknowledgments to The Light Knight, a Cornish Toc H Bulletin.*

**D**ISCOUNT Sankey, speaking at Oxford recently, said: "On education and learning the safety of the world depends. Ignorance is our greatest curse."

In view of these very timely words, I feel impelled to offer to readers of *The Light Knight* some observations upon a subject concerning which, I take leave to say, the average man and woman in this country is profoundly ignorant. And that includes members of Toc H; but in their case, it is part of their business to widen and to deepen their ways of thought. Therefore, there need be no apology for bringing to their notice certain matters touching the sea, which—although at first glance they may not seem to concern Toc H—are of vital importance to each one of us.

Everybody knows, of course, that living on an island we must import various commodities from overseas; likewise, to pay for these commodities, we must export overseas goods and services.

There is, to be sure, a certain school of thought, which teaches that we should grow our food and other necessities at home, and thus make ourselves independent of precarious sea transport. Cotton, Coffee, Tea, Sugar, Rice, Timber, Ground-nuts, Palm-oil, and a hundred-and-one other items, which just won't grow in this soil, are never mentioned, but it is to be supposed even that particular school of thought would have to admit ships were necessary to us.

There are certain dwellers in parts of this very West Country who would need no persuading at all on this proposition. In the Isles of Scilly everybody takes the keenest possible interest in their sea connection with the outside world. Between them they own the steamer which runs

to and from the mainland, and her Master is not only a well-known figure, but a man of vast importance to all upon the islands. So, only in a slightly less degree, are his officers and men.

During the westerly gales of winter, the islanders watch their little steamer battling her way bravely towards them against the might of the Atlantic, and when she finally rolls round the headland, most of the inhabitants go down to the pier to watch her berth; and they go down again next morning when she sails.

There is no finer, more interesting, or more inspiring sight to those islanders, than the arrival and departure of their steamer. The reason is, that by her work they actually live. Without her, or one like her, they would not only be bankrupt—they wouldn't eat.

Well, these islands on which we live are just like the Isles of Scilly on a larger scale, and if we were wise we should take an equal interest in our ships and their men, as those islanders do in theirs.

Rudyard Kipling, in a very prophetic poem, written about the year 1914, summed the whole thing up precisely:

*For the bread that you eat and the biscuits  
that you nibble,  
The sweets that you suck and the joints  
that you carve,  
They are brought to you daily by all us  
Big Steamers—  
And if any one hinders our coming—  
You'll starve!*

Somebody did hinder their coming, and, sure enough, we did nearly starve. No less an authority than Sir Arthur Salter, K.C.B., Director of Ship Requisitioning, during the War said so quite plainly in the course of a recent wireless talk.



And what was true then is equally true to-day and will still be true in the future. Let there be no mistake; the sea, and our sea communications, are absolutely vital to us. So much for the ships. What about the men who man them?

#### Wanted: Merchantmen

Here is an extract from an article in *The Shipping World* recently—a publication not given to sensational journalism: “Practically all the efficient ocean-going tonnage on the Register of the United Kingdom is in employment. A few months ago it became apparent that there was a potential shortage of seamen to man British Merchant Ships. That shortage is increasing . . . . It is a serious matter. If it were necessary to mobilise the Royal Navy, the Admiralty would have to call on the Merchant Navy for officers and men. If it be assumed that the average crew of a merchant ship is 30 men, and that the Admiralty is short of 30,000 men, then to bring the Navy to full complement, a thousand merchant ships would have to be immobilised.” So there is a pretty kettle of fish. Not enough Merchant Seamen, and we rely on them to feed us. And seamen cannot be trained in a month, nor yet in a year.

As to the causes of this state of affairs—they are many and varied. It can be said, however, that if those responsible—and not the least among these are the successive British Governments—had deliberately set themselves out in post-war years to make the sea calling unpopular, they could not have been more successful.

One of the greatest drawbacks to the seaman's life is the lack of fellowship between himself and those on shore. He feels cut off from all the amenities of the land; a class apart. And at no time does he feel this detachment more than when he goes ashore in a strange port. He says,

with some truth, that the men of the Navy get entertained—even fêted—wherever they go, but the Merchant Service man is ignored by all but the harpies and land-sharks who still infect all sea-ports.

There can be little doubt but that this feeling of ostracism by all the better elements in seaport society is one of the chief causes of the present unpopularity of the sea calling, and it behoves everybody who can to bear a hand in breaking down this unhappy state of affairs.

In this, it seems to me that Toc H generally, and in the South West particularly, might do something practical.

#### Seamen's Societies

There are, as is well known, Sailors' Societies which cater to some extent for the welfare of seamen in the larger ports. In the South West, Branches of the Missions to Seamen (the C. of E. Organisation) and/or the British Sailors' Society (the interdenominational organisation) are to be found in Weymouth, Exmouth, Teignmouth, Torquay, Plymouth, Fowey and Falmouth. In addition, at the last named port is a local society—The Royal Cornwall Sailors' Home and Hospital—which performs splendid service, particularly for seamen who are landed sick or injured from their ships.

All these Societies, in fact, are doing a fine piece of work and all of them badly need help of one sort and another.

There could be no better job for a Toc H member in need of one than to help these organisations in the ports in question.

But it is the smaller ports of the South-West where there are, of necessity, no branches of the regular Sailors' Societies to which the reader's attention is particularly directed now.

The following ports—at which there are Toc H units—are regularly visited by British sea-going ships, and some of them

also, by Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish, Danish and Dutch vessels:— Exeter, Brixham, Kingsbridge, Torpoint, Looe, Truro, Penzance, Wadebridge, Bideford, Barnstaple, Minehead and Bridgwater. And this is almost certainly true of a host of other ports along our coasts.

Now if it has been found possible to do something for the Wayfarers and "to commend them to the friendliness of other Toc H units" (*vide* "What does Toc H do?" p. 10) could not the same friendliness be shown also to the men of the sea? Then, reading on in the same booklet, we see: "There are other sorts of wayfarers . . . chief among them the showfolk," and the paragraph goes on to describe the good jobs that are done for these men.

Is not the seaman still another sort of wayfarer, and one deserving equal, if not more, consideration, in view of the indispensable services he renders? Furthermore, to show friendliness to the neglected Merchant Seamen generally, would give Toc H the chance of getting in touch with those splendid seamen, the Scandinavians and the Dutch, and perhaps—who knows?—help Toc H to become established eventually in their own countries. For seamen are the ambassadors of the country from which they hail.

Another point about the suggestion is that Toc H might thus create some interest in itself, amongst the British Merchant Seamen. Good progress seems to be taking place with the Royal Navy but, so far, little has been heard about Toc H and the Merchant Service.

Careful diplomacy would be needed at the outset, for the seaman is suspicious—and not without reason—of all strange landmen. You might be a land-shark or even a sky-pilot in disguise! A few readable magazines, of not too ancient date, taken on board, along with a personal invitation to accompany the inviter to the unit's headquarters for a smoke and a yarn that evening, might fetch one or two of them. But, just as in the case of showmen, it would quickly get about that Toc H is alright, for seamen talk when they meet their brothers of the sea.

One thing is certain, if any Toc H Unit could induce Merchant Seamen to visit them at their headquarters they would find things were being livened up in no uncertain fashion; for a more amusing, entertaining, and likeable fellow (when one gets to know him) than the average Merchant Service man is not to be found.

## SOME SUMMER SAULTS

*For oversea and other members alighting on their feet in London and thereabouts.*

APRIL.		JUNE.	
Sat. 3.	Soccer Fives Tournament at New Barnet.	Thur. 24.	Midsummer Night (Cream of London) at the Zoo.
Fri. 9.	Northern London Area Service at St. Pancras Church, 7.30 p.m.	Sat./Sun. 26/27.	Tunbridge Wells District Rally at Isle of Thorns, Ashdown Forest.
Sat. 10.	Rugger Sevens Tournament at New Barnet.	JULY.	
MAY.		Sat. 3.	Festival of Youth, Empire Stadium, Wembley.
Sat. 22.	Athletic Sports Meeting at New Barnet.	Sat./Sun. 3/4.	Northern London Area Camp and Sunday Rally.
JUNE.		Sun. 4.	Beds., Herts. and Bucks. Rally at Rothamsted, Harpenden, Herts.
Sat. 19.	Canterbury District Rally.	Sun. 11.	Oxford and Thames Valley Area Rally at Oxford.
Sat./Sun. 19/20.	Eastern London Area Camp at Lambourne End, Essex.		

For full particulars of the above and of Boys' Camps in August, members from overseas should write to the Overseas Office, 42, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3, and home members to the Area Secretary concerned.

## THE ELDER BRETHREN

Edward Graham Fleming : Chelsea Branch

On January 18, EDWARD FLEMING passed over at the age of 65. His loss means a great deal to Chelsea Branch, where he carried on the tradition of his brother Herbert, first Administrative Padre of Toc H, who died in 1926. If Toc H is a young man's movement there is always room for men of the character of Edward Fleming, who contribute their fine ideals, their rich experience and their integrity of life.

Maurice Oxenbould : formerly of Mark I

"Oxo," as one of the first Wardens of Mark I, when it was in Queen's Gate Gardens, was a household word to the family of Toc H in London in early days. When the Mark moved to Pembridge Gardens in 1927 he continued to be its Treasurer. Three years ago he had to leave his post at the Bank of England through illness and died of tuberculosis in Switzerland on February 12. He deeply loved Toc H and helped to build it. A courageous and unselfish man who deserves to be remembered with thanksgiving.

H. Lindup : Chester Branch

HARRY LINDUP, member of the Chester Branch for many years died on February 2.

A. B. Browne : Colne Group

ARTHUR BEVILLE BROWNE, foundation member and Padre of Colne Group, died on February 4 near Lake Nyasa in Africa, where he had gone to work in the Mission

field. He was a man of great simplicity, sympathy and generosity.

A. N. Johnson : Henfield Group

ARCHIBALD NEWTON JOHNSON, who died on February 7, was one of the founder members of the Henfield Group and Padre of the West Sussex District. He will be long remembered as a man of deep sympathy and understanding whose advice was often asked for and was ungrudgingly given.

H. P. Waller : Muswell Hill Branch

The Rev. HERBERT WALLER, who died on February 7 at the great age of 84, became a most enthusiastic probationer of Muswell Hill in May of last year.

W. L. Gould : Gillingham Group

The Gillingham Group in Dorset has lost the services of NORMAN LESLIE GOULD, who died on February 24.

E. H. Bowring : West Moors Branch

By the death on February 25 of ERNEST HERBERT BOWRING, the West Moors Branch has lost one of its first and keenest members, whose gifts of leadership will be greatly missed.

C. E. Hill : General Member

The Northern London Area General Branch has suffered a loss in the early death of CECIL HILL.

Henry Kemble Southwell : Assistant Bishop of Chichester.

Tubby writes: "Some folk, especially our friends in Sussex, will have observed with reverence the passing of Bishop Southwell, who was Assistant Chaplain General of the Fourth Army when they held the Salient in the worst times of 1918. On March 26 he wrote a letter to Talbot House which illustrates not only what occurred but his gentle wisdom in working." In the letter he says: "I fully agree that it would be disastrous to close down [Talbot House] when other places are working, and I have not sent any order, nor do I mean to do so—I would far rather join you myself, if I were free, than ask you to come out and shut down . . . All I think you need do is to watch the situation and prevent too big a concentration at the wrong times . . . I have every confidence in your judgment." (The House did not close until May 21, 1918).

## TRAINING--VII.

### III.—FAIRMINDEDNESS. To think fairly.

*To bring the expert to the unit, hearing him and asking him questions; to listen hospitably and humbly to everyman's story, and to help the truth to prevail.*

*Members are called upon—*

*To find their own convictions, to influence the formation of public opinion, and thus to replace social and racial antagonisms by intelligent understanding.*

AT first sight, one would imagine Fair-mindedness to be the simplest of virtues to acquire. All that is necessary is to remember that one is pledged to think fairly and be done with it. Unfortunately, it is not only very difficult; it is almost beyond the power of the average human being to think perfectly fairly. At the best, we can only hope to get somewhere near it.

The main reason for this partial failure is to be found in our lack of perfectly efficient minds and complete knowledge of all the facts. For instance, if we imagine two statesmen, each with a perfectly efficient mind, each in complete possession of all the facts and each entirely honest, there is little doubt that they would both come to the same decision on any question that arose. In actual practice, we see the spectacle of perfectly honest statesmen, far more capable than their fellows and presumably supplied with all the facts than can be given them, in fundamental disagreement on matters political, national and international.

Of course, we explain this by saying that they have neither complete knowledge of the relevant facts nor perfect minds to deal with such facts when assembled.

#### Psychology and Fair Thinking

Psychology in recent years has thrown much light on the way our minds work and though we do not profess to be experts in this young science, such results as it gives us seem to go a long way towards explaining the disagreement which profound and honest minds can have over the same facts.

To follow, for the moment, one school of psychology, there are three 'departments' of the mind—

- (1) The Conscious;
- (2) The Pre-conscious; and
- (3) The Unconscious.

*The Conscious* is that extremely narrow stream of thoughts of which one is conscious at any given moment.

*The Pre-conscious* is the 'department' of the mind which contains the thoughts and memories immediately accessible to the Conscious by means of an external fact (*e.g.*, the smell of burning wood reminds you of a camp three years ago, or a question on an examination paper will, all being well, bring out of the Pre-conscious the memory of the knowledge you have stored there). A consciously directed desire or some chance association will also readily bring into the Conscious some thought or memory in the Pre-conscious.

*The Unconscious* is that 'department' of the mind full of memories, thoughts and wishes which are *dissociated*. That is, 'no external stimulus, no voluntary effort, can avail to bring them into consciousness.' These dissociated memories can only be got at by means of some special procedure and in pathological cases, the means of cure is often the bringing into the Conscious of the hitherto dissociated memory or wish. For though one is literally unconscious of the Unconscious, there is in everybody a certain amount of conflict between the Conscious and the Unconscious.

This mental conflict is quite unknown to the conscious mind, but it is the cause in pathological cases of neuroticism and so forth, and in mentally healthy people of the remarkable aberrations in our thinking.

This crude account of the three 'departments' of the mind is an attempt to describe a little of the Freudian system of Psycho-Analysis in which are postulated also the factors of 'Repression' (the process by which unpleasant memories, wishes and fears are thrust into the unconscious to be 'forgotten'), the 'Super-Ego' (the unconscious morality of

the mind, usually much more 'moral' than the conscious), and the 'Censor' (the combination of repressing forces which, as it were, at the behest of the Super-Ego, prevents memories and wishes not up to the Super-Ego's moral standard, from entering consciousness).

If Freud is right, or somewhere near, it appears that, so far from the well-trained mind (let alone the untrained mind), being an expert thinking machine, it may be pictured as a theatre. The conscious ego sits solitary in the stalls, as the only beholder. On the stage he sees the memories, wishes and thoughts which occupy his conscious at any moment. In the wings is other mental material which at his request or through some outward stimulus, can take its place on the stage. In multitudinous dressing rooms behind the stage are waiting, ever wakeful, the memories and wishes of the Unconscious. Prowling about through the corridors and up and down the stairs, however, the Censor, ceaselessly vigilant, seeks to prevent them from getting anywhere near the stage for the Super-Ego, a Mrs. Grundy if ever there was one, has issued his orders.

### The Censor

From time to time, usually every night, the conscious ego sleeps and the Censor—similarly affected, becomes less vigilant. The memories and wishes in the dressing rooms steal out and approach the stage. The Censor, waking, cannot now stop them, but he manages to dress them up so that their identities are hidden. He usually dresses them in conscious memories, so that the 'audience', when he wakes, often imagines he has been dreaming about what he did yesterday. Now and again, however, the Censor fails in his attempt to hide the identity of a particularly unruly wish, memory or fear, and as the recalcitrant one is about to get on the stage, the audience wakes up, hair standing on end, and realises that he has had a nightmare.

It is only fair to add that there are several schools of psychology differing widely and bitterly on fundamental points. But they

would agree in proclaiming that straight thinking was by no means an obvious and simple process. To know this much is half the battle. The first step towards fair thinking is to know that we *naturally* think most unfairly.

Let us go back to our two statesmen. It is still true that they are supplied with some of the relevant facts in any question which arises. But what about the efficiency of their minds, and their honesty? Even such great statesmen have only a thin stream of consciousness and a Pre-conscious; admittedly, very well supplied with a mass of accessible knowledge. In the mind of each is the Super-Ego, intensely 'moral'. In each mind also is the Unconscious, full of repressed memories, wishes, fears, and so forth, so that each, like all of us, is 'not only far more immoral than he believes (referring to the repressed tendencies), but also far more moral than he has any idea of (referring to the Super-Ego)'.

### A Normal Conflict

They are both *consciously*—perfectly honest. But are they really? 'Yes', in the sense that they are trying to be so, but in an absolute sense, 'No'. For there is this business of 'Conflict' (even in a mentally healthy person), between the repressed desires in the Unconscious on the one hand, and the recognised morality of the Conscious and the Unconscious, bigoted morality of the Super-Ego on the other. The statesman who is consciously only filled with desires for the welfare of his country may actually be driven by an entirely unconscious desire for self-aggrandisement. The dictator may be unconsciously driven by a feeling of inferiority forced on him in youth. The stern judge of criminal conduct may be unconsciously driven by the intense dissatisfaction of his Super-Ego with his own guilty desires.

The violent atheist is often the son of a stern father against whom he is 'getting his own back' by refusing to believe in God; (in childhood the idea of God is bound up with the idea of fatherhood).

Reference was made in the paper on the First Point of the Compass to 'Projection',

whereby an individual makes up for his own guilty tendencies (largely unconscious), by harshly condemning the actual commission of these sins by others and the converse attitude which leads to—

'Compounding for the sins that we're inclined to,  
By damning those that have no mind to.'

When we consider all these things, can we ever hope to be relatively fairminded or must we despair and give up the struggle?

The answer is that we can hope to approximate to fair thinking only if we remember that it is not a natural process.

The Patron said in his message to us at Leicester in 1925: "Do not slacken your allegiance to the first Two Points of the Toc H Compass, Fellowship and Service; but bring them into relation with the Third, Fairmindedness. Understanding comes not from the heart only, but the head. To think fairly it is necessary to think straight."

'From the heart' is often a euphemism for the unconscious. It is most likely that all the reasons you produce for believing this or that, or acting in such a way are merely what the psychologists call 'Rationalisations'—that is, attempts to explain to the conscious mind a belief or a procedure already adopted for unconscious reasons. It is for this reason that argument so seldom settles anything.

But whether what you believe or do is right or wrong is another matter. For let us not fall into the trap of believing that because our minds are so inefficient that therefore every belief or action is equally right. Such would be nonsense. It is only our reasoning which may be and is, indeed, likely to be faulty. The truth lies somewhere and is accessible.

Therefore, this definition of Fairmindedness—'To bring the expert to the unit, hearing him and asking him questions; to listen hospitably and humbly to everyman's story, and to help the truth to prevail,' is eminently sane. For the surest indication that a belief one holds is due mostly to unconscious reasons is the fierceness with which one greets an opposite opinion. Real certainty can bear to listen to an opposed view calmly and quietly without anger.

It is, by the way, a melancholy sidelight on modern psychology that the champions of the different schools display so much heat in their controversies. For, as we learn from them, this indicates a lack of certainty in their conclusions! Were they reasonably sure of their findings, they would be much cooler in argument.

### Mixing Opinions

So, in our Toc H units, the mixture of differing opinions, religious, political and sociological is a first help in thinking fairly. When an expert in his subject speaks to us, we have the chance of listening hospitably (in spite of his views, he *is* our guest!) and humbly to his reasoning. 'Humbly' because, though we may be clever enough to see that much of his reasoning is 'rationalisation', yet after all, our minds mostly work like that too, and, above all, he may be right! We ask him questions, ever searching for the elusive truth that lurks somewhere. Some of us are probably ardent upholders of the opinions he is putting forth; some of us are opponents. We all get our turn in the questioning and remarks; and, remembering the limitations of our minds, we are better able to find the elusive truth. At least, we can readily believe that he is consciously honest and may be right! Another week comes and it is the turn of the opposite point of view. Where does the truth lie? It may be that seldom will any of our beliefs be changed. But we shall know the other points of view; at least we shall be able to make the allowance or 'correction' necessary for our queer minds and assist 'the truth to prevail'.

So far we have only stressed the fairness we desire to achieve in our thinking. It may now be emphasised that just as it is by no means natural to think fairly, it is likewise not natural to think in the sense of 'thinking something out'. The Conscious at any moment of the day has its content of thoughts. But they may be very idle indeed. The thinking man will not be content unless he can use his mind and control it. This is hard work indeed and training counts a great deal. Some who are reading this paper, for



instance, will find it perfectly easy to follow. Others may have found it very difficult and perhaps incomprehensible. If you are one of the latter, beware of the possibility that you are frittering your mental apparatus away on the trivialities of cheap newspapers, cheap magazines and cheaper conversation.

For discussion and reading are the gymnasium of the mind. Just as muscles used only for gentle movements lose their strength, so do minds used only for light reading lose their powers of reasoning. To read, and, maybe, struggle to understand some 'heavy' book is a grand exercise for the mind. And eventually, the mind so exercised comes to consider the 'heavy' book to be quite simple and further, will not be carried away by the specious appeal of the 'yellow press' meant partly to entertain but principally to propagate some usually political point of view.

#### Means to Fairmindedness

Reading is only one part of the exercise, however. Discussion is another, and here, the questioning and discussing on a Toc H night is valuable.

For really constructive thought, solitude is perhaps, essential, and so in your times of leisure, you will not only read or talk with others. You will use some of your time for solid thinking over what you have read or discussed.

To find our own convictions, such hard thinking will be necessary. Our discussions themselves will do something towards influencing public opinion, particularly if, having learnt in Toc H the art of reasoning clearly and cogently, we use it in discussing matters of importance with other friends and acquaintances. But the last part of our definition narrows down our scope—'and thus to replace social and racial antagonisms with intelligent understanding'.

Once more we are reminded of the mixture ideal of Toc H. To produce Fairmindedness in all questions on which we differ is excellent. Our work, however, is mainly to develop fair thinking between men of different social classes and of different races—to produce instead of unreasoning prejudices, intelligent

understanding and sympathy.

Fairmindedness considered in this connection alone is invaluable and it may well be that Toc H, sixteen years after the words were first written, can look back on such success the world over between men of different classes, cultures and races because, where possible, it has mixed them in the same Branches and Groups.

So to summarise—Though perfect straight thinking is practically unattainable for human beings in their present state of mental development, we *can* succeed in part and Toc H may have a great deal to do for mankind in working towards this end.

Because we realise this, it is possible to be fair to others who hold contrary opinions. We have not only to be fair, but to think, and this means hard work. In Toc H we are out to produce mutual fairmindedness between class and class, race and race.

*Great is the truth and it shall prevail!*

#### QUESTIONS.

(1) "' Fairmindedness ' is really the death of the mind, because it assumes a kind of democracy of opinions, and will only listen actively to the loudest in expression. So truth and falsehood go by the board."

"They make a point, a Toc H propagandist told me, of never having a Socialist speaker to speak one week, who is not followed by a Conservative the next. It is assumed that both are equally right or Toc H would not be 'thinking fairly.'"

(Quotations from *Totem*: an attack on Toc H and other societies).

Discuss these statements and criticise them.

(2) "To think fairly. He is pledged to a habit of mental chivalry, whereby he will not be over ready to condemn any cause honestly upheld; but will rather be humble-minded in his judgment of great issues, avoiding prejudice and premature positiveness. After all, the other fellow may be neither knave nor fool."

(From "Building Toc H").

Discuss, criticise or defend this statement.

(3) "The discussion of controversial subjects is dangerous to Toc H as argument tends to become heated."

Discuss this statement.

(4) Assuming it is true that perfectly fair thinking is impossible for the average men, is it worth while striving to be fairminded? If so, why?

A. B.



## FOSSICKING DOWN UNDER

*Under this title we print a despatch from Padre SANDS at work with Toc H in Western Australia.*

A DIGGER, a dinkum fossicker (Anglicé: a gold prospector) dropped his bundle, and duly arrived at the pearly gates, only to find that St. Peter was on guard. When Peter heard that he was a prospector, he shook his head. "Can't come in here, the place is too full of prospectors already, they go about tearing up the golden streets and make an awful mess."

The old fossicker looked very sad, then brightened up. "If I can get rid of all them diggers, can I come in then?" Peter doubted, but promised. Next day, early in the morning there was a curious sight; a long queue of old fossickers, each with his bluey (blankets, etc.) over his shoulder, pick and billy, all waiting for the gates to open, and as soon as they opened, they dropped sheer down, and out of sight.

Peter hunted up the old dig. "How did you manage it?" "Oh, it was quite easy, I just started a rumour that there was a find of gold down below!" So in he came and settled down. But not for long. Next morning, bright and early, having doffed his wings and harp, the prospector was waiting for the gates to open, bluey, billy, slouch hat and pick. As Peter turned to open the gate he said, "Aren't you happy here?" "Yes, it's very nice and comfortable, but I can't stay." "Why not?" queried Peter. "Well," the digger spoke slowly, "y'know, there *might* be something in that rumour after all!"

That spirit is Australia—there's always something round the corner that's worth trying, and always somebody willing to try it. The goldfields illustrate this trait better than any other part of the country, and there are prospectors who have fossicked around for 50, 60, some even 70, years, always trailing a fortune, sometimes getting it, and losing it, and on again, after the elusive gold.

Dr. Thomas Wood in *Cobbers* (do read this book, the best ever on Australia as she really is) mentions that on the Golden Mile in Kalgoorlie, the only thing he didn't see was gold. I was more lucky, and after seeing all

the processes of extraction, from the dirt to the final slime, was shown a piece of gold, 1000 fine, as pure as gold ever can be.

But better than gold in Kalgoorlie, is the news that Toc H is reborn there, chiefly due to the unquenchable enthusiasm of two men, 'Father' Harris (Tubby's post-baptismal name for one who has been connected with Toc H in the West from its inception) and Norman Furze, late District Chairman of Bunbury District.

In addition to restarting Toc H, they also worked up a great deal of interest in the State Wide Boys' Camp, and through wireless talks and other efficient propaganda were able to send along a dozen toys, and extra cash to help other parts of the State not so well off in gold. The day is not far distant when Kalgoorlie will once more light their Rushlight, and the Eastern Goldfields will, with the Murchison Fields, show forth that golden gleam which is the Light of Toc H.

### Daisy Tours

Jack Fulton, Area Pilot, and I, turned the nose of Daisy (the much travelled car that takes me and brings me home again in these wide spaces) towards the North, to visit Mount Magnet, on the very edge of this Area, about 500 miles from Perth, visiting other units on the way. In a tour of 13 days we did 1,250 miles and saw 11 units, and held a couple of training week-ends.

Mount Magnet has not long been a group, and this was the first visit from H.Q., and we found a gallant band of men keeping the light burning brightly in this goldfields town, that seems to have been dumped in the never-never and left to grow up as it likes. Short stumpy bushes, no trees, and red earth, baked by the sun. Swept by dust storms, flooded out at times with thunderstorms (a blessing in disguise, for they fill the water tanks round each house, the only water in many cases that is available until the next rains, sometimes in two years' time!). Here sixteen men, building Toc H on hearsay and literature,

have discovered its appeal, and are working members of the Family.

New growth is slow, but real, and both *Northam* and *Nukarni*, mentioned in the last letter as gropes, are now fully-fledged groups. *Perenjori's* Rushlight has been lit, *Geraldton's* Lamp has come home, and was dedicated by John, Bishop of the Nor'West, in September.

One or two other units have dropped out, but there are fresh starts being made at *Beverley* and *Trayning*; *Bruce Rock*, in the Eastern Wheatbelt, is on its way; *Kojonup*, after a long period of slumber, has awakened, and the Executive have for its aim this coming year, ten more units; some restarts, others entirely new growth.

This vast state, with a total population equal to that of Bristol, has half of that population (about 230,000) concentrated in the metropolitan area of Perth, the rest is spread thinly over an area eight or nine times the size of England and Wales. From this hinterland, the wide open spaces, Toc H every year draws a number of boys, between the ages of 10 and 14, and through the generosity of private citizens, gives them a fortnight's holiday at the seaside.

This year, 210 boys, more than half of whom came from the country, inhabited 35 tents by the sea, into which they fell at regular intervals. In addition to raising the money, members of Toc H also supply the staff for running the camp, and forty men, some Toc H, others friends, combined together to give those kids the time of their young life.

How well they succeeded is shown by a remark by a small boy in a letter home, "My God, we are having a good time!". A really worthwhile job is this, and this year there is to be a follow-up scheme whereby the youngsters are kept in touch with Toc H through district reunions and camps, so that the camp will be the starting point, we hope, for future boys' clubs and work among them.

The West has the privilege of having Mark I (Australia) within its Area; a gift of a house to Toc H from an old resident of Albany, Miss Annie Dymes. Mark I was opened in 1931 by the then Governor of the State, and State President of Toc H, Sir William Cam-

pion. News has just come through that Miss Dymes died in London in January last, and so Edward House, Mark I (Australia) becomes not only a memorial to those whose names are found in bedroom and hall, on chairs and pictures, in the meeting room and chapel, but also to her who gave it, that Toc H might have a permanent home in which to do a permanent job of work. Bob Cave represented Toc H at the funeral, and a wreath from W.A. was the link with this area.

#### Toc H meets the Governor-General.

Toc H in the West had the great pleasure of meeting Lord Gowrie, Governor-General of Australia, when he was over here. Lord Gowrie made a point (and often an appointment, by telephone or telegram) of meeting Toc H in the country wherever he went, and amid a very busy programme found time for a twenty-minute chat with the local group.

The metropolitan units had their opportunity at a big Guest-night in Perth, when the Governor-General was the Chief Guest, and after mingling with the *hoi polloi*, cup in one hand, cake in the other, he gave us a talk which was very much liked. Afterwards he wouldn't go home, but wandered about talking with members and their friends, until finally he had almost to be removed by main force. His delight at meeting Toc H in the countryside was very real, and where, as often was the case, Toc H was also connected with the local Scout group, his pleasure increased.

Wherever he has gone, throughout the Commonwealth, Lord Gowrie has made it his business to look up and to inspire Toc H. Toc H Australia is well served by its representatives of the Crown.

In curious out-of-the-way places one discovers odd gems gleaming in the dust of years. One such I found recently, a reprint from the Melbourne *Age* of September 2, 1927. This ten year old piece of journalism breathes a spirit of newness, even to-day, and I am wondering about two things: does Pat still remember, and do the members who were there remember? Have we lost anything of that gallant and high-hearted happiness? Is Toc H becoming middle-aged? Perhaps J.E.E.T. in his inimitable way might answer

that question in a later copy of the JOURNAL. Anyway, here is Toc H a decade ago in the Eastern States:—

“‘Hello, Pat!’ There was a stir amongst the two or three chaps in the room. A breezy fellow had just burst in—literally, because the door lock had stuck a bit. Smoking a cigarette, attired in a sports suit, smiling and perspiring, this fellow they called Pat looked just the ordinary happy man one instinctively likes to call a pal. His full and orthodox name and title was Padre Pat Leonard, Federal Padre of Toc H. And this room he made buzz with his presence. Not a very tidy room at that. Tables, chairs, desks, crockery, everything anyhow. Some of the crockery disputed honours with the library on a rickety dresser. The carpet was turned up just sufficiently to trip everyone who entered the room. That didn’t matter. It caused a laugh, and the place seemed to be a sort of laughter sanctuary. In one corner was a piano, round which a hurricane of noise raged; in another stood a simple lamp, the rushlight of Toc H, and all was undisturbed tranquillity around it.

“As the hands of time moved round to eight o’clock men and boys began to drop in. They did that literally on account of the mischievous mat. After songs at the piano, it was Pat’s innings.

“Pat put on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, and, pulling a weird face, declaimed softly, ‘Dear brethren, it’s very difficult to talk in this atmosphere of smoke and—er—ribaldry.’ Then *sotto voce*: ‘You see, I can look like a parson when I like.’

“But then Pat stopped. He took off the glasses, and, leaning against the doorway, he delivered one of the most wonderful of sermons. He spoke disjointedly; he lacked eloquence, but he said things which burned their way right to the heart. Toc H was not an ex-service men’s organisation for social service. Not at all. Toc H was a spirit. It was the only spirit that could make the world worth while, that could make it the place their Elder Brothers wished it to be—a world purged of self and greed, which made life such a terrible parody, such a tragedy of what

it might be. ‘We of Toc H are building bridges. The world is full of broad and swift-flowing rivers, and Toc H is a corps of bridge builders who are building so as to make the impassable passable. They are spiritual bridges. Bridges of understanding and sympathy, over which the warring sections of the world can pass to a better understanding. You must build them, my brothers. You must meet the other fellow more than half way. Don’t take your opinions from the yellow press. Do all you can to conquer hate in the world by love and fellowship. You can shut out hatred by letting love escape.

“‘I want to strike a still deeper note. The greatest bridge of all is the one Christ built between man and God. Think about all those spiritual bridges. They’re not like Prince’s Bridge. The more that sort of bridge is used the weaker it becomes; but with spiritual bridges, the more they are used the stronger they become. We are a corps of spiritual bridge builders and repairers, and we are building for those of to-day and to-morrow. If needs be, we will snap our fingers in the face of the world’s standards, so that we may hasten the day when God will be known as Love. God is not a stern sort of person like a traffic cop, who is out to nab you. We must reconcile man to man and man to God.’

“He paused. Then, ‘That’s Toc H. So—Attaboy!’ Practical Christianity.”

It has been decided that I shall stay in the West until my successor, a layman, arrives from England. Recently we have welcomed as passers-by on their way to the Eastern States, Len Williams, for South Australia, and Bobby (H. E.) Howes, for work in Victoria. Returning pilgrims were pounced upon at once, “What’s England like?” “What did you think of this, or that, or something else, and what was the Festival like?” And so they came home full of good things and good news, and the Area received them joyfully.

So a belated happy new year from the ‘Sand-groppers’ to the Family at ‘Home’.

“See yer some more!” as the diggers say.

SANDY.

## Toc H—B.E.L.R.A. in NIGERIA

**WHAT** is meant by this cryptic title? Here we have Toc H and the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association co-operating, and between them sending out volunteers to Nigeria to help the 200,000 lepers of Nigeria.

The first five men to be sent out were Norman Crayford, Swindon; William Lambert, Preston; Hamish Macgregor, Blackhill; Len Parker, Mark I; and Peter Pedrick, Exeter. They sailed in July, 1935. They were followed in August, 1936, by H. J. Hockley, who had already done leprosy work in other parts of Africa, and J. G. Stacey, who is now carrying on Bill Lambert's work in the Kano Province.

In January, 1937, Norman F. Sead, Dovercourt, and Fred Tuck, East Dereham, sailed for Nigeria. Along with the last two sailed Dr. Oberdörffer, a young German doctor, and Mrs. Russell, who had worked for some years with Dr. Schweitzer in Lambarene, French Equatorial Africa.

Thus we have now eleven volunteers in Nigeria. Because of the unhealthy climate it is necessary for them to come home for six months out of every two years. Coming home does not mean complete rest however. In February, 1937, Crayford addressed more than fourteen meetings in all parts of the country, and Lambert, who is taking a course in African languages, is also spending his afternoons and evenings in a similar way.

That gives you some idea of the keenness of these men, and those who have heard them tell the tale of their work have been thrilled. Perhaps when we put eleven volunteers alongside the two hundred thousand lepers, however, one may at first remark like the sceptic of old: "What are these among so many?" Yet it is wonderful how a gift given in the right spirit will spread its influence and multiply. Largely as the result of the work of Crayford, Lambert and Pedrick in three of the Northern Provinces, followed up by a visit of the Medical Secretary of the B.E.L.R.A., the Sudan Interior Mission and the Sudan United Mission have been asked to take over

the three leper settlements where these men were working. Already four doctors and several nursing sisters have volunteered. A new leper settlement is being founded at Maiduguri in place of the present hopeless place. Dr. Morris begins work in Somaila in the Kano Province from April 1, and Dr. Jotcham should be ready to start work at Katsina by the end of November. The Sudan Interior Mission is also beginning leper settlements in the Sokoto, Niger and Bauchi Provinces. Thus there will soon, we hope, be six fully staffed institutions working for the relief and control of leprosy along modern lines in Northern Nigeria. The services of our men at Kano and Katsina have been asked for till the end of the year, when they will be set free to engage in new work in other needy places.

Meanwhile, the Church Missionary Society are taking over the charge of the Native Administration leper camp at Zaria, and have asked for the services of one of our workers.

Thus in Northern Nigeria the work is developing and satisfactory progress should be made within the next few years, in which, in co-operation with the Government, Native Administrations and Missions, our men will have occupied a key position and taken a large share in what is being accomplished.

In Southern Nigeria, Len Parker at Oji River and Hamish Macgregor at Itu, have also rendered valuable service. Dr. Oberdörffer has gone to Oji River and this will make possible Len Parker's leave, long overdue, while one of the new recruits will take the place of Hamish Macgregor when he comes home in May.

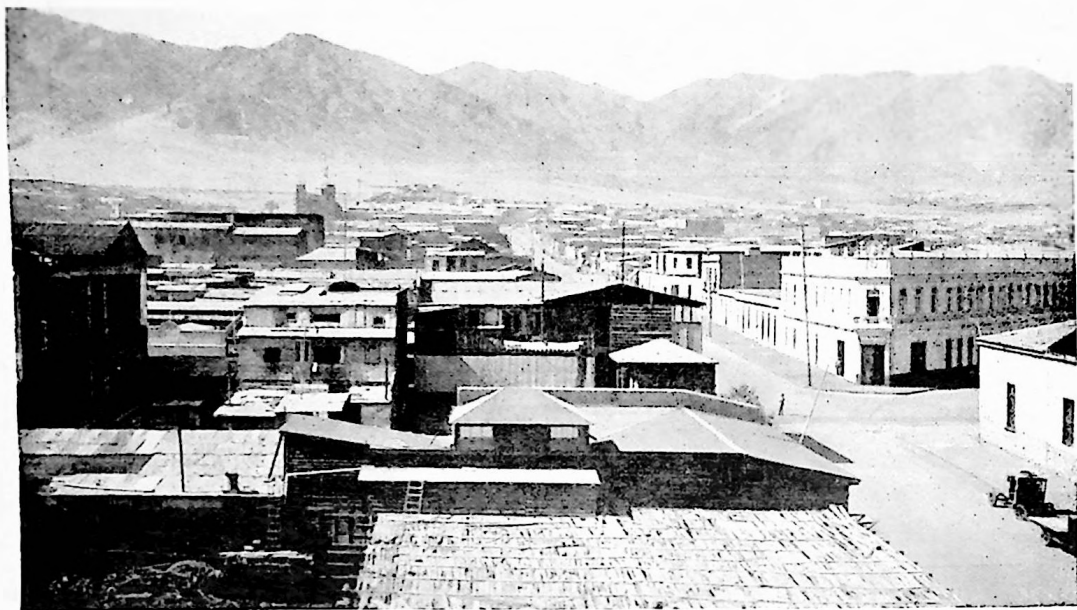
In writing of the work of our volunteers we must not lose sight of the splendid work already being done by other organisations, and especially by the missionaries. In future, we hope to supply more workers who will help the missions in the organisation and development of their settlements, not only in Nigeria, but also in other parts of the British Empire.



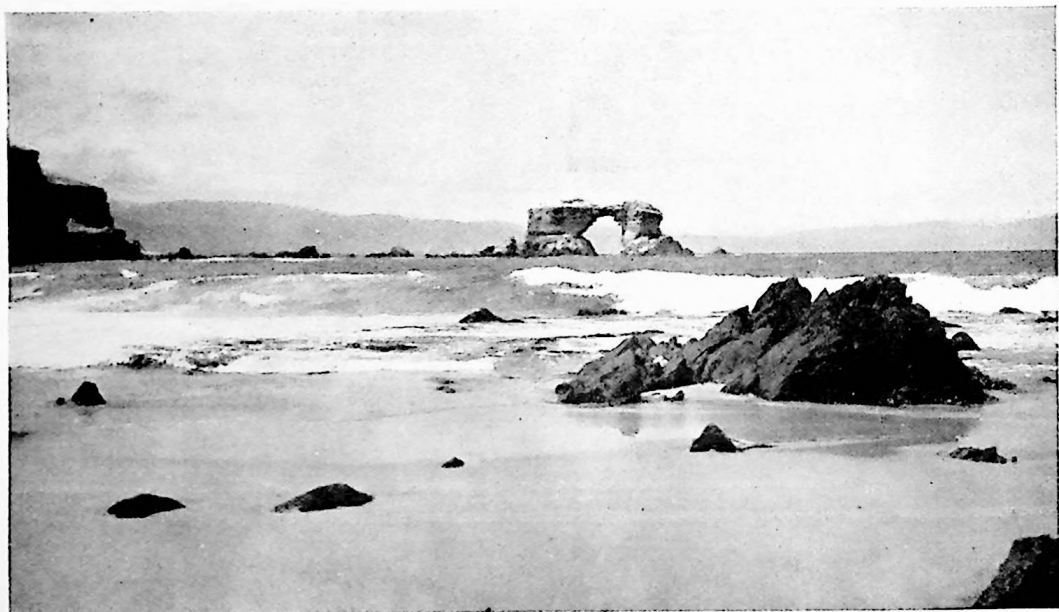
OUR THREE VOLUNTEERS NOW ON LEAVE FROM EAST AFRICA.

W. A. Lambert (Preston Branch, stationed at Kano), Norman Crayford (Swindon Branch, stationed at Katsina), Peter Pedrick (Exeter Branch, stationed at Maiduguri). The photograph shows them at 42, Trinity Square, on March 10, where they were presented to H.M. Queen Mary that afternoon: in the evening they were welcomed by members of the House of Commons Group and others at the House of Commons. On the table are seen specimens of the work (mats, scissors, etc.) which they are teaching lepers to do.

(Photo: *Sport and General*).



ANTOFAGASTA : THE TOWN SEEN FROM THE PORT.



"LA PORTADA," A NATURAL ARCH ON THE COAST, A FEW MILES NORTH OF ANTOFAGASTA.



## TRAVELLERS' TALES

### With Barkis in Antofagasta

FROM the sea, in the glare of afternoon, Antofagasta looks like a dust-heap, an extensive midden of the industrious human race. For two days we had watched the Chilean coast go by, a barrier of bare, low mountains in a haze of heat. There had not been a green patch, not a tree, not a human sign—save once a winking light on the tip of a sheer island. Brown gulls and big brown pelicans on ponderous wings, almost like a heron's flight, kept us in touch with the shore, where we could see cliffs snow-white with the *guano* of their nesting-places. Once for a mile and more there was a flight of sea-birds, not in hundreds but in hundreds of thousands, a close flickering column of wings moving rapidly a few feet above the water. They were following a white line upon the surface, the wake churned up by a millionfold shoal of 'sardines.' And once a whale was sighted. These touches of life served but to deepen the isolation of our floating island of a ship, a fragment of United States' soil, resounding with the languages of North and South America, with no English voice save my own.

On the edges of a shallow bay the mountains stand back half a mile, giving foothold for a hideous town with a beautiful name which the frivolous may corrupt into 'Auntie-go-faster.' The mountains, at the southward approach, are dirty grey as Portland cement, patched in some places with enormous sand-hills to the water's edge. Someone told me that one can 'winter-sport' on skis on these long tawny slopes, but he would be an incredible enthusiast who would plod up the burning steeps of sand, with the sun on his back, to start again. At Antofagasta the hills change colour, from grey to dusty brown-violet. On a late afternoon and through the brief stages of sunset they are often transfigured to an unexpected loveliness, glowing like a rose on their peaks and purple in their shadows; even the town shares this brief beauty at evening.

We turned the breakwater and the anchor rattled out in the little port. I watched the pandemonium of boats and lighters and tugs which swarmed round us for a familiar sign. At last I saw it—a striped tie—and shouted "Toc H!" through my cupped hands. The genial face of 'Daddy' Loutit, crowned with white hair, turned upwards and answered the signal. In half an hour I was installed in the tall 'rancho', one of the most conspicuous buildings in the port. It is a monument, like almost everything in Antofagasta, of prosperity departed and never likely to return. Once it was full of the young English employees of a big shipping firm. A tiny handful remain, and those no longer young; no more recruits come out from home. And so the 'rancho' is now a boarding house for all and sundry, a gaunt, airy place, where the old-fashioned furniture brought out from home in the palmy days decays, but cannot be replaced, where the carpets grow threadbare, windows stay broken and the paint flakes off the walls. It would be counted desolate enough by home standards and would scarcely attract any clients, but in Antofagasta it is reckoned, justly, a lodging for Englishmen, second to none. I write of it as I saw it first and as I shall always see it in perspective—with not the smallest intention to malign it, but with gratitude and a sure touch of affection. For life in the 'rancho' reminded me, more than anything, of a Toc H Mark working well. The 'hostellers' were well assorted—shipping and shopping, trading and banking, from the old 'West Coaster' (accent, of course, Scottish) to the Padre, only two months out from home. They are a real family of men and received me into the circle immediately. At meals we sat together at a long table, with windows wide open on the blue Pacific; late in the evening we played snooker on a faded table downstairs for hours. On one floor there are ladies, but I scarcely caught a sight of them, and there is the land-



lady who is mother of the family. After four short days, I left this household with regret, as parting from friends.

The sights of Antofagasta are not remarkable. It goes without saying that there is a race-course and an English Club. The Club, the cafés and any place where men meet resound with what bids fair, surely, to be the West Coast national game. '*Cacho*' is something more than dicing for drinks, it has some of the science of poker. The everlasting music of Antofagasta is the thud of leather dice-boxes on tables, the rattle of ivory, the murmurs of "Full house" or "It's a game." And the upshot of *Cacho*—if I may be allowed a stranger's licence in saying so—are three times as many drinks as a man needs and sometimes (as I saw) the tragedy of good men wasted. But it is easy to criticise. If I had been twenty years on a dust-heap without leave—as some men here have been, under a hot sun, meeting the same handful of fellow-countrymen a dozen times every day, probably I should take refuge in *Cacho* as many people do in Bridge when the springs of fresh conversation have dried up. For myself, I play when politeness allows no escape.

### Round the Town

The only remarkable thing in Antofagasta lies at its centre. This is the main square, the universal *plaza* of all Spanish-American towns. By dint of continuous watering with hoses this Plaza is full of shady trees and as gay with flowers as any I have seen. To have made the dust blossom with the rose is a feat in which the citizens take proper pride. And the centre of the Plaza is "for ever England", a clock-tower built of glazed Doulton bricks and presented by the British Colony to mark the first centenary, in 1910, of Chilean independence. In Buenos Aires the British marked the centenary of Argentine freedom by a much more ambitious clock-tower of imported Portland stone and English bricks. There, as here, you hear the hours in the familiar Westminster chime—a continual reminder to the exile of home. At all events,

these towers are a more happy form of memorial than the 'Arco Británico' at Valparaíso, a rather decayed Marble Arch, which seems to supply, unofficially, the place of a public lavatory.

From the central Plaza I stepped out of grateful shade at various times to explore the town of Antofagasta to its limits at the four points of the compass. West is the bay, deepest blue, never still from the long Pacific seas which break in thunderous surf all along the shore. The rollers rising, translucent green, and turning over into sparkling white foam are as grand a sight as any on the Cornish coast. And with them comes the breeze which makes the brazen sunlight of this shore not only bearable but one of the best climates you may wish for. Rain falls once or twice in the year—sometimes not at all in the twelve months. When it comes it had best be only a shower—for everyone says that a day's hard rain would bring nothing less than disaster to Antofagasta. The best flat-roofed buildings leak and the poorest of them, made of mud and rusty sheeting, roofed with reeds, would merely dissolve away; the steep streets, undrained, would become mud torrents from the mountain sides above the town. But day after day the sun shines and even the heavy clouds which often roll across the hills in the afternoon do not mean a single drop of moisture.

Eastwards I walked also on a blazing afternoon. The asphalted streets, where an indolent traffic of shabby cars and shabbier overcrowded buses runs between shops and offices, soon come to an end and give place to dust tracks running up the mountain slope until they end vaguely in an ankle-deep waste of sand and refuse, where the shacks of the working people round off the ragged outline of the town. Southward one afternoon I rode with a full busload of humanity and fleas to the bathing place, which calls for no comment, save that the water (unlike that at Valparaíso) was warm, and the beer was warm and extraordinarily tempting to tired flies contemplating suicide.

## Slums and Sunshine

And, finally, against the advice of everyone, I walked northwards along the coast where there is 'nothing of interest.' This is the poorest part of the town and I found it more worth a visit than any other. After the brewery, enormous and indispensable, architecture degenerates. The town plan, in squares or 'blocks' of uniform size, is preserved, but all other plan disappears. On these built-up patches, separated by ribbons of deep dust, are huddled the single-storey homes of the poorest. Walls of *adobe* (mud) are perhaps the best to be found. More often these shacks are a crazy patchwork of odd timbers, packing cases, kerosene tins and especially corrugated iron, that universal sign of nineteenth century enterprise in every part of the world. Here it is blistered and rotted by the sun and salt air to a rust red, ragged and full of holes. Through the open doors you can take in at a glance the few sticks of furniture in the living-sleeping room and the old newspapers peeling from the walls. At the doors squat men and women in rags, some of the girls still surprisingly handsome, with a flower of Spanish beauty which will be utterly gone in a year or two. Hordes of half-naked children laugh and quarrel and tumble in the dust of the road, the hardy survivors in a country where the infant death-rate is the highest recorded in the world. A drunk man reels, singing gustily, out of the *almacen*—the general store—on the corner; several more sprawl, face downwards in the dust, asleep in the shadow; two mounted *carabincros*, in their brown and green uniforms, on good horses, jingle by in a dust cloud. And where these houses face the sea there is life too. On the beach of coarse, dirty sand, freely compounded with broken glass and discarded shells from the supper table, small children, mangy little dogs (the universal 'tripe-hound' of Chile) and starving cats rake the frequent rubbish heaps; above them soars one of those loathsome black vultures, with a watchful eye in his raw red head. And along the tide mark a wizened woman stoops with a canvas bag, gathering driftwood scraps, a few inches long, for her kitchen fire. In a pool among

the rocks, boys and girls are bathing with shouts of delight. The sun gleams on their shining copper-coloured limbs, and this act of washing is a heartening sight, though it is unlikely that they have ever added soap to their toilet. The shining combers roll in, coating the rocks with a thick crust of salt in the sun. But above the salt tang of the sea is the smell of the dirty beach, the smell of the dirty dust in the streets, of the ruinous shacks where unwashed generations, in filthy rags, have lived and go on living. There is nothing which quite reaches these levels at home, not even in the slums of Glasgow. But there is a redeeming difference which makes life here more bearable, maybe, than in Glasgow—the blessed sunshine which never fails. What a chance for a boys' or girls' club, a troop of Scouts, a Women's Institute, a football ground for men! But now I touch the edge of absurdity. These things are separated by more than the nine thousand miles of voyage which separate Antofagasta from England, they are centuries away, farther almost than thought can reach; they belong to a totally different civilisation and attitude of mind.

## Toc H in 'Antof'

And what of Toc H in Antofagasta? In Santiago I met its late secretary, now transferred like one after another of its members, and heard from him that the Group had died. I had already hesitated about a special visit to Antofagasta, that is anything longer than the few hours of a ship's stay in port. But now I resolved to attend the inquest, even at some inconvenience. I even cherished the foolish hope that there was breath left in the body—but there my advisers shook their heads. When I landed at last my new friends shook their heads also: the funeral seemed to have been conducted in quiet decency and without flowers, which are hard indeed to come by. But I was resolved on disinterring the corpse and having a proper inquest. So a couple of days were spent, not without friendly pessimism and kindly rebuffs, in planning a meeting in the Church Hall, the former home of Toc H. Some of the old hands were mobilised. 'Daddy' Loutit, whose

admirable bookshop and store is a *rendezvous* for anyone who wants to talk English, was a splendid aid. 'Daddy' Crew, the senior West Coaster of them all, threw himself into the arrangement of a Toc H supper which was a series of grand surprises and the very base of good fellowship. The British Consul (not a member when we met but doubtless one before these words reach print) and his wife abetted with wonderful enthusiasm. And so, in the end, on my last evening, the coroner's jury sat down, twenty strong, to the supper table. Taught by the fine example of L.W.H. in Santiago and Valparaiso, I had taken it upon myself to invite a few ladies too: they had scarcely known the deceased and might be expected to give an impartial judgment.

Food and fellowship are ancient allies. By the time we cleared the tables we were in fine fettle for the melancholy work in hand. And when we got down to it, 'Daddies' Loutit and Crew, grandfathers of Toc H, presiding and myself perched on the edge of the table, the corpse stirred and sat up: it was refusing to stay dead! To cut the story short—for there is nothing unique about it—Toc H Antofagasta remains on the world map of our family. The new young secretary, for all his experience of Toc H at home and in Chile, is not going to have an easy task, for the older members are tired men and the new ones not yet found and harnessed. Antofagasta is a town from which all grand promise has departed, a place of regretful memories, lost fortunes, wasted careers. In the gloom which these things make I am rash enough to see a small light shining and about to increase. O comfortable reader (if I may thus round off my homily), say to yourself occasionally a name which is so much more beautiful than the dusty truth—Antofagasta. For my own part, I may be excused for thinking of it often with eagerness and affection. Perhaps it will help that lonely Group if they know that they are not forgotten by you and me.

\* \* \* \*

From the deck of the liner *Orbita*, homeward bound, I am saying 'Good-bye' to Antofagasta. Behind me the half moon hangs low in the sky above a brilliant silver patch of ocean. Before my eyes the stars twinkle above the dark mountain wall, and along the sloping shore the many lights of the town are brighter and more golden than any star. I am fanciful enough to give names to some of these points of light, the names of friends in Antofagasta whom I may not see again.

### Copper for Death

Any meditations on Toc H, its way with men, its friendships, its disowning of discouragement and healing of bitterness and strife, are dispelled by the ceaseless racket on board our ship. Copper is being loaded, copper in shiny, peach-cloudy slabs, like big doormats in shape and size. Copper from Chuquicamata, the biggest copper-mine in the world, hidden in the bleak hills above the town. Copper is being loaded, as fast as may be, into every ship that sails this coast: there are not enough bottoms, they say, to carry the copper away. And there are not enough miners to work it—I saw an urgent notice in the window of the offices of "Chookce" this morning advertising for more hands. Day and night ragged men—at 1/7 a day in our money—are busy demolishing a mountain at Chuquicamata. And even on the hill-face above Antofagasta you can see the fresh small scars where the ordinary '*roto*'—the Chilean working man—is digging in his spare time with private pick and shovel, turning a few *pesos* with a cartload of poached ore. The reason is easy to seek. Not so long ago copper was sold at £24 a ton; a few months ago it was worth £35; yesterday it was priced at £51; I have just looked at to-day's quotation on the ship's wireless news—it is £52 13s. 7½d.\* And the reason for this rush and rise? That also is not far to seek. Europe's madness is bringing good business to the ragged Chilean and still better to his

\* On the day I got home to England, a month later, it went to £69 per ton, amid excitement on the London Stock Exchange.

top-hatted employer in the United States. The munition works in a score of countries are shouting for copper—as they shout for nitrate and sulphur, other products of this West Coast. The Treaty of Versailles, the dis-ease of a far-off Continent, the ambitions of its dictators, have endless consequences; the ripples of European upheaval break at last on the shores of Chile. And trading in death is grand business—for those who will not be called upon to die.

The ship's band is playing a South American tango on 'C' deck and under a glare of lights the Chilean girls laugh and dance. In the smoke-room we drink our cool beer and talk happily of what we shall do on leave at home. And all the while the wire ropes strain and the chains clash as copper is heaved out of a battered lighter and lowered with a thud into our forward hold. We are going home, we shall see our children again. So to-night we dance and drink—with 4,000 tons of copper under our feet. I had a queer fancy just now that we—and our children—were dancing and drinking with Death.

\* \* \* \*

P.S.—I add this postscript four days later,

while our ship loads sulphur and cotton at a Peruvian port. This morning the West Coast newspapers are full of a disaster at Chuquicamata Mine. Two railway trucks caught fire and a thousand bags of explosives, intended to blast the mountain, blew up. The effect miles away was mistaken for an earthquake, the number of dead on the spot cannot yet be counted. A week ago, in a club-room, I was talking with a particularly nice man who was rubbing his hands over his own foresight and the success of his firm with explosives for 'Chuqui.' A business visit to Europe last July, he said, showed him how the land lay: war materials were going to boom and the Chilean mine would soon be working as it has not worked for years. He caught the tide on the flow and now it is in full flood. But Death will have his little joke. He has struck the ragged, underpaid *rotos* on a Chilean mountain even before the soldiers of Europe have come into the field against him. These, at least, meant no harm; they were only bringing a little more food to the shacks of Antofagasta and to themselves the glorious chance of an extra blind on fiery raw *pisco*. So, have at them, Death!

B. B.

## MULTUM IN PARVO

✽ A report of the CENTRAL COUNCIL meeting on April 17 will be published in the May issue of the Journal, even if this delays its despatch beyond the last day of the previous month, as is customary this year.

✽ Thirty-four seats in a stand on the route of the CORONATION procession on May 12 have been offered to Toc H by H.M. Office of Works and allotted by ballot to oversea members and home Areas.

✽ Toc H has been asked to supply stewards for the EMPIRE SERVICE OF YOUTH which will be held in Westminster Abbey in its Coronation setting at 4 p.m. on May 19 and broad-

cast to the Empire at that hour (3 p.m. Greenwich mean time).

✽ The MALTA Regional Executive has now found a suitable house to carry out that part of the intention of the gift for Toc H work in the Services announced in the December Journal. The address is 39, Strada Imrahbat, Sliema, Malta. The house is now being fitted out and will be opened shortly.

✽ The following Groups are to be congratulated on their promotion to Branch status—COLCHESTER (Eastern Area), ILKLEY (West Yorkshire Area), and SANDOWN and SHANKLIN (Southern Area).

# THE OPEN HUSTINGS

## The Significance of Light

*These two letters amplify that on the subject of Light by G. M. McKenzie, printed in the February Journal.*

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The JOURNAL has been full of barrage and counter-barrage recently in the matter of the central point of our ritual, the Ceremony of Light and perhaps amid the tumult and the shouting of controversy and debate a word of practical application might be fitting. So I will just describe how we in Valparaiso, which Barkis says you at home regard as a sort of "Ultima Thule" of Toc H (and sometimes we feel that too), have solved, to our own satisfaction at least, the problem of "Light." It is really very simple, so simple that I expect we are not the little Christopher Columbuses (or is it Columbi?) that we sometimes feel. As a matter of fact the idea arose just over a year ago and, if you want to see our manifesto, read the . . . edition of the Buenos Aires *Mark* (I sometimes wonder why in the controversy this was never disinterred, but I suppose that Toc H, like all the rest of us, tends to do what we have called "archive" all the old stuff. That may be considered also as a polite hint).

You see we out here are a mixed bag. There are a few seniors, a few of that well-named "Lost Generation" which Toc H has often saved from bitterness and worse, and the rest are post-war models and even war babies. What is more, we are a mixed bag as to race—we have a Chilean, a Russian, a Greek, a Swiss and so on. Therefore, in Heaven's name, what can you expect the War to mean to these people for whom the War is a thing far off in time and space and even to some non-existent except for a few old soldiers' lies. This must indeed be the case elsewhere but never so much as in South America; and it is quite clear that, if we are to make Toc H appeal, we must make our Light universal in significance—or drop it and God preserve us from that. After all it

is one of the few simple, decent ceremonies left on earth.

One of us had the idea that Light might be extended from the men who fell in the War to all "the good and great who trod the earth before us." In other words we should regard our Elder Brethren as those who deserved well of their time and their generations and have passed on "on transfer and promotion." We do not forget the men who first gave us the idea any more than we forget Christ in the Ceremony of Light or in the Moment of the Elevation of the Host. He and they are instinctively and permanently in our minds but we admit others to the tribute of memory.

So, when Light is taken, we draw from out of the vast background of the saints of the world some person or persons and give him a special remembrance. "Let us especially remember . . ." and then follows somebody's name. It may be a great scientist or surgeon (we had Paré, Simpson and Lister once). It may be an inventor or an artist. It might be a liberator—and what a glorious lot we have here: Bolivar, San Martin, O'Higgins, Cochrane, Miranda—don't the names tell their own history? And then, to come closer home, we have our own local benefactors, parish pump politicians you may call them but in their day they did something, and there are always members of our own branch. Think of it, each time a new shining example that we may admire and perhaps follow, and, after Light, a few words—not pointing a moral but saying who and what he was.

That is to our mind the best and simplest way out, to admit to the ranks of Elder Brethren all who have done well by their fellow men and let them be always in our mind. Then bring out one of them (or a crowd of them) each time and let his life and death and example float up through the harmony of that vast cloud of witnesses as a theme on the wood wind steals at times through the deeper harmony of a symphony—for those who can hear and recognise it.

Choose your Elder Brethren and, so they be

worthy, follow their example. But above all see that you remember them.

Yours sincerely,

Valparaiso.

T. HASKELL.

\* \* \*

DEAR EDITOR,

I read with interest the letter from G. M. McKenzie on the Ceremony of Light. We in Corsham are very young in Toc H, not yet reached our first birthday, but we do make a special point of remembering the Elder Brethren. It may be of interest to other units to know what we do. Our jobmaster has compiled a list of as many local Elder Brethren as he can find and their names are mentioned, on the nearest anniversary of their Passing Over, thus: "With proud thanksgiving let us remember our Elder Brethren, especially William Funnel, February 7th, 1917, Abbeville: they shall grow not old."

Yours sincerely,

Corsham, Wilts.

A. R. COLBORNE.

\* \* \*

## General Membership

DEAR EDITOR,

Having read, with interest, the correspondence under this heading, in the last three issues of the JOURNAL, I am struck by the absolute conflict of opinion on the part of the various writers. I rather incline to the views of C. H. Wake and Ray Fawcett, having experienced (a) Branch membership, (b) General membership, attached Branch, (c) District officership, (d) Area Executive work, and I find Branch membership a distinct handicap in the wider field of service. One point raised by "Member 12751" is utterly childish, and is worthy only of contempt, being the equivalent of the whining wail of a street beggar, entirely selfish and at variance with Idealism when he expresses a fear that the Budget of a Branch cannot be balanced without contributions from general members attached. Surely if a Toc H member assesses himself to contribute to the Family upkeep, in direct ratio to his income, the question of a Budget deficit need not arise. Then I most emphatically disagree with the contention that a District or Area worker is out of touch with the

family life of any unit. I do not consider myself an exceptional being when I say that I take part in, and share to the fullest extent, the corporate life of all units within 10 miles of my residence. Surely we have arrived at a point where narrow parochialism should be allowed to die and the wider vision allowed to flourish. In a recent broadcast from a Scottish Station (March JOURNAL) the speaker said "Toc H does not wish to keep men merely in a happy family circle, but to send them out into all the living interests of life." A good General Branch could fulfil all the desires of men in the social progress of the world, whereas the Unit life might only supply the desire for companionship with other men and be merely a selfish aim. Personally, I consider if a man fits into a "Job of Service" outwith the Family he is not a Debit but rather a Credit. So please let us cease from thinking only of our own Group or Branch, and get ahead with the formation of a General Branch, a real Power House for the supply of men with Courage and Ideals and ready to make a wholesome contribution to the well-being of the world in which we live.

"FRAOCH EILEAN."

Scottish General Branch.

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DEAR EDITOR,

Mrs. Jones has suggested I should write you about my three sons who are in Toc H.

The first has an erratic heart, no money and very little brains. He is in the residuary Branch and wants to join the Air Force. I hope you will be able to stop him. I am willing to pay his subscription to keep him safe.

The second has a good heart and a normal mind and he is quite happy sitting on the fence in his Toc H unit.

The third is more enterprising. He earns good money and has plenty of brains but he is very unhappy in his Toc H unit, and everywhere else, so I am wondering if you could use your influence to get him promoted to the new Area General Branch, which Mrs. Jones tells me, is to be filled exclusively from the administrative officer class.

Yours truly,

London.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

## CIRCUSES AND BREAD

*Circuses and bread,  
Circuses and bread.  
Round and round the mulberry bush  
Until we all are dead!  
Work to do, and time to play;  
Roses, roses all the way.  
Round and round the mulberry bush,  
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,  
Round and round the mulberry bush  
Dance the living dead.*

Once man dared heroic deeds,  
Staked his manhood on his creeds.  
God-like, splendid in his wrath,  
David faced the man of Gath.

Knowing life to be a quest  
For the finest, truest, best,  
God-like, though fore-doomed to fail,  
Launcelot sought the Holy Grail.

Wearing with an equal scorn  
Crowns of gold or crowns of thorn,  
Masters of the path they trod  
Sons of Man were sons of God.

A quest, a vision and a goal  
Were manna to the hero-soul,  
And God was born as Mammon died  
Wounded, broken, crucified.

Matched against tremendous odds  
Man grew likest to the gods.  
—Now the gods within lie dead,  
Starved on circuses and bread.

*Circuses and bread,  
Circuses and bread.  
Maintenance and leisure,  
Money, food, and pleasure.  
Round and round the mulberry bush  
Until we all are dead.  
Work to do and time to play,  
Roses, roses all the way.  
Round and round the mulberry bush,  
The mulberry bush, the mulberry bush,  
Round and round the mulberry bush  
Dance the living dead.*

A. G. C.



# THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

## From the Eastern Area

**I**T is ten months since the last Eastern Area account appeared in the *JOURNAL*; it is decreed henceforth that it shall appear once a year only—in April—but that when it does appear it need not stint itself. It was hoped that this account would include a lot of interesting information of a less superficial kind than the last report gave; unfortunately we have had a severe disappointment over this, since the Guard of the Lamp Report, which was to have been the main source of information, has not been treated altogether seriously by a number of units, and an insufficient number of answers has been returned to the Guard of the Lamp to make the compilation of a report upon them worth while. Consequently such subjects as the statistical progress of the Area last year, the standard of our best jobs, ideas for programmes, an estimate of our contribution to organised religion, all of which were particularly sought after by the Guard of the Lamp, will have to go by default, and this account must follow the line of the last one ten months ago.

In one way, the failure of 33 per cent. of our secretaries to fulfil a simple request is the most significant thing one could write about. Our two finance committees recently have fared even worse. A request sent out to 65 units in October elicited 12 replies by the middle of January! Result—a second letter involving time, stationery, postage and temper! It is a significant subject, and worth treating seriously in this account, even at the risk of washing dirty linen in public. It is not the special affliction of the Eastern Area, but a subject of universal concern. To use a business metaphor, which is by no means out of place, if our movement cannot achieve what would be expected of a junior clerk, it is hopeless to think of directorships.

To turn from this gloomy topic, the administrative difficulty of running what should be two Areas as one has been more

and more pronounced. We now number 16 Districts and 70 Units, divided almost equally between East Anglia and the Northern Home Counties. A symptom of this difficulty is that under its normal constitution the Area Executive would henceforth number 32 members. In order to keep this figure down the Central Executive have agreed to nominate 8 members only instead of their normal 16, so that the total number will now be 24.

Of our two natural divisions, most of the good news seems to come from East Anglia, which, on the face of it, has developed from the weaker into the stronger side of the Area. There are far fewer weak spots now in *Toc H* East Anglia than in Bedfordshire, Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire; then again, there are ten recognisable “grotes” in East Anglia as against two fairly unsuccessful ones on the western side. One outstanding difference to one who knows both sides of the Area is the number of honorary Padres. In East Anglia there are very few units without a Padre, and there is an active District Padre in each of the eight Districts; in the Home Counties there is only one District Padre in eight Districts, and an alarmingly high percentage of the units are without one.

All this is recorded, not with the idea of making an odious comparison, but simply to record a fact which is very noticeable. Financially, the Home Counties still lead by a short head! To proceed to the usual ‘bird’s eye view’:—

### East Anglia

*Norfolk*.—The situation here is cheerful. There are two weak units now, but that still leaves 15 good ones. There is a new Group at *Ormesby*, in the Broads District, which, by the way, must be congratulated on the boundless energy of its District Officers; they are here, there and everywhere in all weathers, and *Ormesby* will be the first to acknowledge their help. In the same District, *South*

*Lowestoft* is forming a new Group. *Norwich* members are starting a Group—*Lakenham*—on a housing estate, and are not finding the road too easy. At the other end of the county *Hunstanton* is on the point of being recognised. If present efforts succeed there will soon be 20 units of Toc H in Norfolk compared with 7 about 5 years ago.

Let us congratulate *East Dereham* on their 14 Builders, all well won. In these accounts one must avoid doling out individual pats on the back, but it is worth mentioning that whereas in many towns Toc H is a small band of enthusiasts working in obscurity, in *Dereham* the town knows Toc H and respects it and looks to it to play a leading part in civic life.

One more personal note about Norfolk cannot be avoided. 'Slim' Edbrooke, the creator of Toc H in *Cromer*, and one of our 'characters' in the *Norwich District* is transferred by the unfeeling Lloyd's from the management of their *Cromer Branch* to *Littlehampton* in *Sussex*. But providence is kind, and this melancholy event coincides with the arrival of one 'Gaffer' Whitworth, as yet unknown to us save by his reputation as the Poo Bah of Toc H in *Lincolnshire*.

\* \* \*

*Suffolk*.—Ten months ago we wrote very kindly of Toc H in *Suffolk*, but made it quite clear that it was—as a whole—peacefully asleep! Since then it has yawned, stretched, rubbed its eyes and is now surprisingly active. A recent change in the *West Suffolk District Team* has been quite remarkable; their last three meetings, which lately were mere skeleton meetings, have been fully attended, useful and charged with a new keenness; they have carried through a most enjoyable *District Guest-night* at *Clare*, where no unit of Toc H exists, a practice worth commending to other *Districts*; and they are sponsoring a new Group at the *R.A.F. Station* at *Mildenhall*. The last three months have been most encouraging. The *East Suffolk District*, too, has been on the up grade, a new Group is being sponsored at *Diss*, and careful plans are

being made for the revival of Toc H in *Woodbridge* and *Leiston*.

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*Essex*.—The *North East Essex District* is to be commended for its spontaneous interest in serious training. The *Colchester Branch* is exceptionally fortunate in its headquarters—which is the local *Youth Hostel*—and it has been quick to place its resources at the disposal of the *District*. A training week-end and a *Youth Hostel* is a splendid combination; an excellent one has already taken place, and another is planned for this month. Many old friends of *Padre John Lewis*, once a *London Area Free Church Padre*, will be interested to know that he is now ordained deacon in the *Anglican Church* and is curate at *St. Mary's, Colchester*; he is also the *North East Essex District Padre*. In the *Mid Essex District* it seems likely that the strong *Chelmsford Branch* will divide itself up during the coming year, and a new Group is being formed at *Saffron Walden*. *Witham*, whose decease was reported ten months ago, is active once more.

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*Cambridge*.—*Cambridge* is the weakest of the *East Anglian Districts*; this is because it does not at present extend beyond the one town, and because three of its four units are numerically weak. However, it has now taken the *Royston 'grope'* under its wing, and it may also have to look after *Huntingdon* in the near future, and these activities will no doubt strengthen it.

Toc H in *Cambridge University* is having rather a lean year, though an interesting programme has been carried through this last Term by the small band of about 25 undergraduates who are actively interested. It becomes increasingly clear that the introduction to Toc H which mere meetings can give to the undergraduate is somewhat superficial, and that vacation activities, such as Camps, are at least as important as meetings during Term. Toc H is to be responsible for one of the *University Camps for Unemployed Men* in the Long Vacation, and it is also supplying helpers to the *North of England Schools' and Clubs' Camp* at *Chatsworth*. The contact

with Toc H in East London is being kept up, and this Term finishes with a joint week-end at Pierhead House, Wapping.

### Home Counties

In *Bedfordshire*, *Hertfordshire* and *Buckinghamshire* there are new Groups at *Bishop's Stortford*, *Hatfield* and *Shefford*, but future extension is confined to two 'groves' at Leagrave (Luton) and Rickmansworth, neither in a very flourishing condition. However, past growth has now made it necessary to divide the extensive Hitchin District, which has been the most successful in this part of the Area; and the West Hertfordshire District has also decided to divide itself in order to give the District Officers a better chance of doing their job. There is not a great deal of change or progress to report apart from this, save to bid a very sad farewell to a great figure in the West Hertfordshire District, Padre Douglas Morley of the Halton R.A.F. Group.

Padre Morley leaves Halton this month to serve overseas at Aboukir. For over five years he has done a remarkable work among the Aircraft Apprentices at Halton, and all over the Area, at Henlow, Duxford, Bircham Newton, Mildenhall and other R.A.F. Stations one comes across Service members who owe their place in Toc H to him. The Halton Group, working under exceptional difficulties—no mixture of age or type, no serious jobs, no civilian membership—has now reached a stage of having to divide into two to cope with its numerical size. Regular weekly meetings of 60 or so have made this essential. Padre Morley was the founder of this extraordinary unit, and has been its inspiration throughout. Quite apart from the Halton Group, the West Hertfordshire District Team will meet in future without a well-known and well-loved figure.

Dealing with the Area as a whole, the most interesting thing that there is to report is the attempt on the part of a number of District Teams to take the initiative for programme planning among their units.

*Footnote.*—A hearty invitation is extended to all Toc H Padres who are contemplating leaving the Staff to take up residence in the Eastern Area, thus joining the select band of Pat Leonard and Gerry Harmer (Hatfield), Norman Knock (Bishop's Stortford), John Lewis (Colchester) and Alan Colthurst (Bedford), from whom we now learn that a man in a parish finds it difficult to make time for Toc H. Is this a record?

A District Team will decide upon a good central theme which, without encroaching too much upon the units' own time, will spread conveniently over a six-months' period. It will then, as a Team, devote itself to a study of that subject at three bi-monthly meetings, setting business aside and inviting the best local speaker available to talk to them. In the intervening months the units themselves will follow in the footsteps of the Team, their own two representatives being looked upon as the experts on that particular subject for the evening, and, if necessary, having to speak upon it. At the end of the six months, a District Rally is held, and instead of a speaker there is a well-ordered debate on the whole subject.

There are three advantages about this idea: firstly, the District Team is doing an undeniable useful service to its constituent units; secondly, our own members—District Team representatives—are being trained to speak and lead in the unit meetings, instead of relying on experts from outside; and thirdly, there is some satisfaction in feeling that the District as a whole is applying its mind to some useful end, instead of each unit following its own bent. Incidentally, this plan monopolises only three District Team meetings and three unit meetings in the course of six months, so that it is not adding an undue bias to the programme of any one unit.

The District Teams which have adopted this plan have so far chosen one of two subjects, either "Citizenship" or "The Roads to Peace." It is felt that it is far more worth while for an outside speaker to address himself to a dozen chosen men, the leaders of six different units, than to go to the meeting of any one Group where he might find an audience scarcely larger in number and far less select in quality.

Thus we close, with a reminder to those who are disappointed with this report about the reason why it is not more informative!

R. E. W.

## From the East Yorkshire Area.

During the past six months things have run smoothly in the Area, and definite progress has been made in some of the Districts. Hull and North Humber Districts held a successful Rally at *North Ferriby* in September last. About seventy members spent the week-end under canvas, and enjoyed among other things an Inter-District Cricket Match, a series of discussions led by the Teams, and an inspiring talk by Len Kirkman on "The Power of Human Personality."

In the Hull District progress has been slow. This may be due to the fact that several changes were made in the Team, and also to the lack of co-operation between them and the units. However, there do seem to be signs of a gradual awakening of enthusiasm, and we may expect greater things from this District in the near future.

The new Team in the North Humber District settled down to their task quite early after the Rally. They have roused greater enthusiasm for District Committee Meetings, and have done much to encourage inter-unit visiting. A very successful District Guest-night was held in *Willerby* at the end of January, with Alec Gammon as the speaker. Having consolidated the units and discouraged parochialism, the Team are now turning their attention to the important question of development.

In the Ouse District units have benefited greatly from the efforts of speakers in "The Winter Cruise" programme, arranged by Padre Jim. This series has provided a good education in Toc H subjects, and also a welcome and interesting addition to unit programmes.

*Selby* took the prize for originality. On December 29th, members and friends met together for a family meal of water, bread

and pea soup, while the money charged for this 'dinner' went to provide Christmas fare for men in the distressed area further north.

There is not very much news from Wolds District, but regular meetings of the Team link up the units and overcome many of the difficulties presented by distance. *Pickering* Group continue to be the 'live' unit, and in addition to their weekly meeting they now have a study group.

Whitby District seems to maintain a position of 'splendid isolation' due to the natural barriers and the inclement Yorkshire weather.

During 1936, three Branches, *York*, *Goole* and *Malton* applied for re-grant of Branch Status. The Guard of the Lamp has noted a steady improvement in *York* and *Goole* Branches, and made a re-grant of status for another two years, while *Malton* will enjoy its status for another three years.

We regret to note that the Light of two Groups, *Boulby* and *Riccall*, has now flickered out, but we hope that the members of these two units will link up and strengthen their neighbours.

*West Hull* Grope, after much perseverance, have now been promoted to Group status, and in a short while will be receiving its Rushlight. In the near future there will be further developments with possible Gropes at *Sutton* and *Driffeld*. It is interesting to note that many members from the R.A.F. centres are linking up with neighbouring units.

At the end of February, Mus spoke to the membership at four District Guest-nights in Hull, Selby, Scarborough and Whitby. Now that the membership know the financial story of Toc H we hope that there will be no lack of effort among the units of this Area to support the new financial policy.

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*Contributions must reach the Editor not later than the Tenth of the month previous to issue*

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